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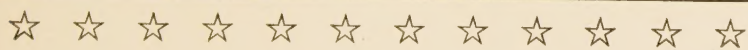


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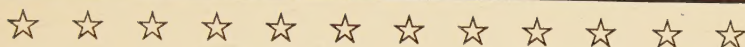
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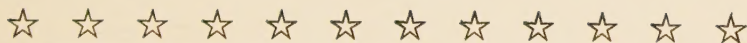
BIG FROGS



BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

Author of
ALFRED E. SMITH: A Critical Study

Portraits by
BRY



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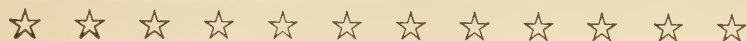
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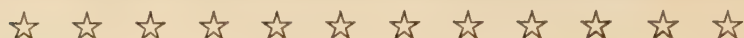
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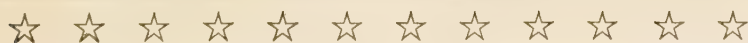
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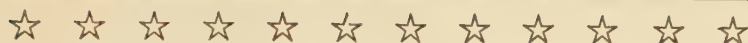
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A LITTLE MORE THAN TWO YEARS AGO, ON A NIGHT IN May, Herbert Hoover addressed a dinner of the United States Chamber of Commerce at Washington, D. C. I was not present on this occasion, but I have listened to the Republican Presidential nominee enough times to visualize the scene. He occupied the seat of honor at the Speakers' Table—slouched in it, to be exact—and looked red and uncomfortable as the toastmaster introduced him with ornate references to his services in Belgium, his work as Food Administrator during the war, his services in feeding the starving peoples of Europe and the Near East and his great accomplishments in the cabinets of Presidents Harding and Coolidge. Arising, finally, to make the speech of the evening, Hoover grinned in an embarrassed, small-boy fashion at his audience, smoothed out the sheets of his manuscript and began to read in a low, monotonous, almost inaudible tone.

There are probably few such lamentably bad public speakers in the United States as Mr. Herbert Hoover. Certainly no other aspirant for the Presidency has been so lacking in this important political gift. Before a gathering of from a dozen to fifty people, it is true, he does very well. He has even shown eloquence. But at a formal dinner where hundreds are in front of him, or

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in a large hall, inhibitions seem to rise in his throat and choke his vocal cords. One hand is kept in his pocket, usually jingling some half dollars put there to ease his nerves. He has not a single gesture. Years ago his secretary placed, when it was possible, a high speaking stand in front of him—in an effort to make him raise his head. This has largely been futile. He reads with his chin down against his shirt front, rapidly and quite without expression.

So it must have been at the function of the Chamber of Commerce in May of 1926. Those who had been listening applauded politely but without enthusiasm. They had been made weary by a barrage of facts and they went out into the warm spring night to tell themselves that Hoover was devoid of outward grace; merely an engineer with an excellent mind and great gifts as an executive. The address of that night has since been published in pamphlet form, however, and is now being circulated to further his presidential boom. And it contains, examination discloses, a line which would have become a classic had it fallen from the lips of any other man. Mr. Hoover was talking on "The Currents of Development in American Business" and deploring industrial waste caused by multiplicity of design, uneconomical methods of distribution, destructive competition. These wastes, he said, must be eliminated but additional legislation was not the way to do it. Then he said:

"You cannot catch an economic force with a policeman."

Hoover is, himself, so impressed with this phrase that

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he has repeated it verbatim in at least two other speeches. It is, though, part of the paradox of the man that he can utter a striking phrase in so prosaic, so uninspired and so mumbling a fashion that it is completely lost on nine out of ten of his auditors. Lesser men in public life engage press agents to write their speeches and literary hacks to compose occasional magazine articles. They take their ideas from others and by the sweet uses of oratory spread these broadcast, to their personal glory. Hoover writes his own, with only infrequent assistance from the publicity experts in the Department of Commerce or from Mrs. Hoover. Then he delivers them so badly that few people realize he is sometimes capable of brilliance of expression. One address on fishing, his only form of sport, was studded with epigrams that were almost smart-cracks. Its excellence so impressed the editors of the *Atlantic Monthly* that they reprinted it in full. Hoover wrote this without assistance, but the style is so foreign to the public conception of him that it is usually attributed to some ghost writer.

"You cannot catch an economic force with a policeman"; in this, it seems to me, rests a complete philosophy of government, or nearly so. One could not ask for a phrase more indicative of the sort of chief executive Herbert Hoover might make (assuming that he would live up to it). He might do so despite recent genuflections toward expediency. It means that he must oppose farm relief through subsidies, reorganization of the coal industry by hysterical legislation, efforts to adjust wage disputes by congressional debate. It is a dangerous code for a politician, a fact of which

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Hoover must be increasingly aware as, with the years, his yearning for the White House has caused him to become increasingly politically minded. He has never, happily for his future, expressed a corollary; that it is equally difficult to regulate morals by constitutional amendment. He enjoys, therefore, the support of the drys.

The talent for giving birth to a phrase, nullified by inability to sound it, is only part of the Hoover paradox. There are other apparent contradictions which make him to-day one of the most widely known and least understood men in the United States. It is said of him, for example, that he has genius for personal publicity. It is whispered that releases from the Department of Commerce speed daily to every newspaper office in the land and that they invariably mention Hoover's name. Yet, though the Presidency hangs upon it, he cannot pose for a photograph without looking quite silly. On a fishing trip in Florida last February he declined to exhibit his morning's catch for camera men to snap.

Hoover preaches the gospel of standardization, but is the author of a philosophical treatise on individualism. He is a wealthy man, with an income estimated at from \$50,000 to \$60,000 a year, and has small use for money. He has a definite streak of vanity and insists upon being the leader of the band, but he flees when it is time for him to take his bows. He is a kindly man, but so sensitive to criticism that he recently countenanced the discharge of a youthful newspaper reporter who had misquoted him and misrepresented his policies. He appears to be a placid, almost bovine type when, in fact,

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he is a bundle of nerves. Engaged in a conference, he draws geometric designs or picks holes in a blotter with the point of his pen. He sometimes paces up and down by the hour.

Herbert Hoover has the engineer's horror of a hunch and insists upon all available data when facing a problem. Yet, so his associates testify, he often reaches decisions so swiftly that intuition can have been his only guide. To most people he is profoundly dull as a conversationalist and seems ill-at-ease or bored. But to a chosen few he will hold forth for hours on the adventures that are the milestones of his life. In the minds of most people he epitomizes independent, non-partisan thinking. But his campaign for the Presidency is being managed by old-line machine politicians and he is demonstrating that he can dodge an issue with professional ease. His own speeches reveal the extent to which he is a mass of contradictions.

"I am not a party man," he said in 1920. "There are about forty live issues in the country to-day in which I am interested and before I can answer whether I am a Democrat or a Republican I shall have to know how each party stands on those issues."

"We have found . . . we can give expression to the will of the majority only through party organization," he said, six years later. "If we are to maintain and promote these ideals we must maintain the two-party government. And party government means organization, it means loyalty, it means discipline, it means principles and it means courage and responsibility in gov-

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ernment. That is why I am a partisan member of my party."

But on the latter occasion, no doubt, Mr. Hoover was speaking with an eye on the White House.

II

The Hoover enigma fades, somewhat, through an appreciation of two or three elementary facts about him. He is abnormally shy, abnormally sensitive, filled with an impassioned pride in his personal integrity, and ever apprehensive that he may be made to appear ridiculous. This last explains, perhaps, why he is not at his best when addressing a large audience. It has kept him from taking up golf, for he could not endure being a duffer at the first tee. It is clearly the reason for his inability to perfect himself in such primary political gifts as back-slapping, free and easy conversation about nothing in particular, and the utterance of "hokum". He would resign from any office rather than wear chaps at a rodeo as did the eminent New Englander he hopes to succeed in office. On the Hoover campaign tours, there can be no baby kissing, no flag-waving, no throaty sobs for wounded veterans, no gold-star mothers on his platforms.

He is forced these days to give innumerable interviews, but he receives newspaper men and other writers without visible enthusiasm. During the eight years that he has been at Washington, he has developed no intimates among the correspondents. None calls him by his first name. He rises awkwardly as a visitor is shown to his desk, and extends his hand only halfway, in a hesi-

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tant fashion. His clasp is less than crushing. Then he sits down and waits for questions. His answers are given in a rapid, terse manner, and when he is finished he simply stops. Other men would look up, smile, or round out a phrase. Hoover is like a machine that has run down. Another question starts him off again.

He stares at his shoes, or at the desk in front of him, as he speaks, and because he looks down so much of the time, the casual guest obtains only a hazy impression of his appearance. He is, as a matter of fact, by no means so boyish as his photographs indicate or as he seems from a distance. His face is lined and his cheeks are less puffy than might be supposed. His hair is growing gray and is rather disordered. Hoover has little magnetism until some question that touches a hobby or a pet theory comes up. Then a smile lights up his face. He is more cordial, even affable. Such smiles are rare, however, and he unconsciously irritates some callers by an air of omniscience regarding such mysteries as economics, finance, and industrial efficiency. This is true particularly when he is testifying before a Congressional Committee. He then becomes curt and even patronizing, and gives an impression that he has met brainier men.

Hoover could talk about a variety of subjects had he the gift of conversation. Unlike many technical men, he reads voluminously outside of his own field. Detective stories lull him to sleep almost nightly, and the bookshops are combed for new ones. He deplores the fact that most of them are so bad. At other times of the day he is held by anything from memoirs to such current lit-

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erary sensations as "The Bridge of San Luis Rey", by Thornton Wilder, and André Siegfried's "America Comes of Age". On all such matters he is mute, however, except to those who have known him for years. Even his devotion to fishing does not inspire him to conversation.

He labors, therefore, under the handicap of being considered a cold and aloof individual. This is far from the truth. Actually, he is easily brought to laughter or to tears. Years ago his two small sons built a frog-pond on the lawn of the Hoover home at Palo Alto, California. A peculiar whistle brought the frogs hopping from all directions in the expectation of food. Hoover found this vastly amusing, and would bring guest after guest to watch the show. Invariably, he laughed much more than did the guest. Recollections of amusing incidents during the war still rock him with mirth. So, too, he is easily distressed. Once, while in charge of the relief work in Belgium, with the grim shadow of starvation ever near, he chanced to pass one of the stations where gaunt, hungry children were being fed from huge kettles.

"Don't ever let me see one of those again", he told the assistant who was with him. "I can't stand the sight."

Hoover's outstanding passion is the elimination of waste. He touches on this in the course of nearly every speech. He takes great pride in the degree to which the Department of Commerce has persuaded business men to abandon extraneous designs and sizes. He glories in the fact that 200 committees are at work in scores of industries, as a result of his evangelism, and

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claims that \$200,000,000 is being saved annually by lumber companies alone. He is confident that the saving is passed on to the consumer.

Avoidance of waste and devotion to system have grown, with the years, to a point where they are Hoover's personal gospel. For many seasons—in the winter as well as in the summer—he wore a certain type of double-breasted, blue-serge suit. Traveling in all parts of the world, he left measurements and specifications with tailors in many cities. When he needed a new suit, he had but to telegraph the nearest one and a suit was provided with the dispatch of a Ford car. Just before the conflagration of war spread over Europe, Hoover was living in London. Walking along the Embankment with a friend one day, he was approached by a beggar. Although in a hurry, he stopped, took out a small notebook, and asked the man his name. As they passed on, his friend asked him for an explanation.

"I always do that," Hoover answered. "It's impossible to tell whether these men are really in distress, so I have arranged with the Salvation Army to have cases investigated for me. Probably half of the beggars refuse to give me their names. Another quarter give fictitious ones. Those who are really in need tell the truth, and I find that the money I can spare goes much farther in this way."

To a certain extent, this zeal against waste is socially a handicap. Hoover is sometimes less than a perfect dinner guest. Seated next to a lady whose life consists of horses, bridge, and Debussy, he has very little to say, and therefore says nothing. One such lady was finding

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conversation exceedingly difficult at a Washington function, when she recalled that Hoover believed in standardization. According to a story, which may be apocryphal, she remarked that buttons were the bane of her existence. She had two small sons, she complained, with infinite talent for bursting their buttons. The maid who did the family sewing could rarely find replacements of the proper size. Why did not the Department of Commerce take up buttons? Hoover brightened visibly as he heard this. He is said to have described a plan that would reduce button sizes to three. He analyzed, in detail, the history and growth of the button industry and even made it interesting.

Mr. Hoover's critics, even those who are friendly ones, view his mania for standardization with misgiving. They say that he would create a robot world in which every one would live in fabricated houses, eat efficient but tasteless food, and exercise on electric horses. They recall with horror that Hoover once said "engineers could construct waterfalls much more beautiful" than the accidental ones provided by nature. Their fears are, however, largely without foundation. As far as waterfalls are concerned, his record is clear; he has called for preservation of Niagara because of the pleasure given to couples on their honeymoon. Being an eminently sane individual, it has never entered his mind that men and women would be better off if they wore similar clothes. He has never protested against changes in feminine fashions.

He has many times expressed his opposition to centralization of government authority, and is Jeffersonian

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in his belief in states' rights, always excepting prohibition. His book on individualism, alone, is an adequate answer to apprehensions that he seeks to standardize America, but in one address he specifically replied to the accusation as follows:

"From the savings made by greater efficiency in production—that is, in the time we have saved from other occupations—we have added the automobile and the good road, the movies, the radio, and the phonograph directly to the standard of living. We have increased the diffusion of electric light, power, telephone, plumbing, better housing, and a dozen other things.

"Some feel that in all this we are deadening the soul of men by machine production and standardization. . . . I may observe that the man who has a standard telephone, a standard bathtub, a standard electric light, a standard radio, and one and a half hours' more daily leisure is more of a man and has a fuller life and more individuality than he has without these tools for varying his life".

And yet, within recent months, to the astonishment of his friends, Hoover has abandoned his blue-serge suits. He now owns a brown and a gray.

III

In its essence, Hoover's belief in individualism rests on the hope that men and women may ultimately do those things most pleasing to them. This, in turn, has its foundation in the success of his own life. If he does not achieve the Presidency, it will, perhaps, be the first time he has been denied something he really wanted.

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And if, like most men, his outstanding desire was a happy home, he has obtained it in full measure. Sometimes it has been in Petrograd, again in London, Shanghai, Tientsin, Palo Alto, San Francisco, New York, or Washington. But always it has been an ideal one. He married his first love, in 1899, and to-day the years rest lightly on the slim shoulders of Mrs. Hoover. They have two sons, one still at Stanford University, and the other a recent graduate of the Harvard School of Business.

Hoover's life story has been told many times, and from this, partly, comes the charge that he is expert in obtaining personal publicity. The accusation is inaccurate. He has, of course, used newspapers, magazines, the radio, and motion pictures in connection with the relief campaigns he has undertaken. But he has never capitalized himself. On the contrary, his shyness and reticence have made this impossible, and the man's work is far better known than is the man. To a very large extent, also, the countless articles written during the past decade about Hoover have been a result of wide acquaintance among writers, several dating from undergraduate days at Stanford. Like the rest of his friends and associates, these are almost fatuous in their admiration. In only two cases, incidentally, has Hoover failed to inspire undying loyalty in his subordinates. Far from a demonstrative person, he rewarded work well done with another job, and rarely said anything in praise. But there are to-day in New York two or three prominent business men who recall, incredibly pleased, that they actually won commendation.

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"The Chief almost slapped me on the back once when we were in Belgium together," one of these remembers.

Hoover's story, like that of so many prominent Americans, has much of the inspirational in it. He was brilliant, capable, and he worked hard. Success crowned his efforts almost from the start. Beginning life as a poor boy, he was on the road to wealth when most men are still getting an allowance from home. By the time he was twenty-five Hoover was internationally known as an engineer. Men twice his age paid him large sums for advice. To-day, one suspects, Hoover finds inspiration in the story himself. He has been heard expressing regret that his sons will not be forced to overcome poverty; but he does not carry this far enough to wish that they had been required to work their way through college.

Attending Leland Stanford, Jr., University, the new college of the West, he worked his way through. This, he now feels, was misdirected energy, although unavoidable. It took him away from more important things, chiefly literature. He gave all of his time to the hard facts of an engineering course. Writing and composition proved to be exceptionally difficult, and he almost lost his degree through inability to master the mysteries of punctuation. Even now, commas and semi-colons baffle him, and many an informal letter or memorandum is lacking in this respect. He is often uncertain as to the meaning of words, and he sometimes uses them loosely. None of this is visible, however, in such speeches as appear in print. The reason is that Mrs. Hoover has edited them.

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Details of Hoover's life shed light on present characteristics. Sensitiveness is, for instance, a common trait among Quakers, and he is a member of that sect. He was born in West Branch, Iowa, on August 10, 1874, and had an older brother, who also became a mining engineer, and a younger sister. The Hoovers were excellent stock, probably Dutch in origin; people who had settled first in Maryland in the eighteenth century and who had moved westward as the country grew larger. His father was a blacksmith and an agent for agricultural machinery and his mother a woman of rare intellectual gifts. She was so inspired by her religion that she was frequently "moved to speak" at the Quaker Meeting House. In time she acquired a reputation as a preacher and was in great demand at settlements near West Branch. Thus, she earned small sums when her husband died, six years after Herbert was born. Four years later she, too, died, and the children were cared for by relatives. An uncle decided to push farther west, to Oregon, and Herbert went with him.

Contemporary photographs show that in appearance the boy was brother to the man. At fourteen he had the puffy cheeks and the chubby countenance that are the delight of cartoonists to-day. Until he was about fifteen he was an aimless youth, little interested in education and after a few years in school, he started to work in an office in Salem, Oregon. Then some friends of his uncle interested him in geology and engineering, and he determined to matriculate with the first class at Stanford, opening its doors in the fall of 1891.

Hoover enjoyed himself at Stanford, and became so

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devoted to the institution that throughout his life he maintained contacts with it and, when possible, lived near the campus. From his undergraduate days there grew an interest in education second only to his interest in efficiency. His philosophy of American equality is based on those undergraduate years. It is part "of the claptrap of the French Revolution", he wrote in his book on individualism, that men are "equal in ability, in character, in intelligence, in ambition". But the American system gives equality of opportunity. The poor boy can obtain an education identical to that of the wealthy man's son. He can rise just as far. Hoover is particularly fond of dwelling upon this point and, in support of it, he cites detailed statistics regarding attendance at American educational institutions. No other nation, he says, has made higher learning so accessible. And this causes him to grow optimistic as he ponders on the future of the United States.

Stanford was coeducational from the start, and in Hoover's senior year a young girl entered to specialize in geology. Hoover was the department's prize student, and a mutual interest in Pleistocene deposits brought them together. Lou Henry and Herbert Hoover were engaged before he was graduated. When he started on his first foreign assignment, to Australia, a year or so afterwards, she waited for him to return, because his employers believed the journey too arduous for a woman. She did not permit this to happen again, though, and when he became director-general of mining for the Imperial Chinese Government, at the age of twenty-six, she went with him. The Boxer Rebellion

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was but a detail of years spent in China, Borneo, Russia, on the Malay peninsula, and in London. As often as possible, usually once a year, they returned to California for a brief vacation.

Informality has been the rule in most of the numerous homes maintained by the Hoovers. It is the rule in their Washington home to-day. This is due to Mrs. Hoover's belief that such details as the time of the dinner hour are unimportant. At Red House in London, where they lived for a record period of some five years, guests from the other hemispheres drifted in as casually as though from across the street. Mrs. Hoover is interested in too many other things to bother overmuch with an establishment. Her dinners are invariably charming but are, as some of her friends observe with amusement, "occasionally disorganized". At tea, there is always a chance that the cream will give out. No one knows, until the last minute, just how many will be present, and the cook, who worships her mistress, chronically wears the expression of a martyred saint. But there is always laughter and intelligent conversation at the Hoover board, and Hoover himself frequently unbends to recall days that have passed: days in which he persuaded devil doctors in China that mining was a science impervious to superstitions, when he crossed blazing deserts and tropical swamps, when 150,000 men were employed on properties controlled by himself and his associates, when he fought the officialdom of Germany and of the allied countries alike to save Belgium, when he journeyed into the floodlands of the Mississippi and saw ruin and destruction uncovered by receding

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waters. Those who have listened deny with vigor that Herbert Hoover is lacking in conversational gifts. They consider him virtually a Burton Holmes.

Well-grounded in her husband's profession, Mrs. Hoover is far more skilled in the written word. It was she who carried the heavier burden when, in 1906, they decided to amuse themselves by translating into English a medieval work on metallurgy. This was "*De Re Metallica*," written about 1550, by a Saxon named Georg Agricola. Agricola had used Latin, and had found that many sixteenth century metallurgical terms had not existed when the language became static. Therefore, he invented scores of words. The resulting hodgepodge had baffled scholars, so Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, such being their notion of recreation, decided to make an English translation. The work was done—as their preface points out—during "night hours, week-ends, and holidays", and took five years to complete. It has no practical value, for Agricola has long been out of date. It was, in short, a labor of companionship, and the resulting book, a ponderous tome beautifully printed and illustrated, was paid for by the translators. It is to-day examined with curiosity by students, and is to be found in technical libraries.

IV

Although universally known in his profession, Hoover had hardly been heard of by the outside world until the war. He was best known in Great Britain, probably, and had been unofficially informed that if he became a subject of the British Crown a peerage might

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eventually be given him. This story has been capitalized, in the eternal manner of politicians, by Hoover's enemies. They are remarking that he is pro-British, refer to him as "'Erbert 'Oover" and are hoping that the Irish citizenry will be moved to terrible wrath. Hoover's friends admit that there was talk of a peerage, and quote him as replying: "I'll be damned if I will give up my American citizenship." It would probably have been wiser to laugh at the story. Great Britain does not, in the first place, casually offer titles to American citizens, and the rumor of a peerage grant was obviously unofficial. And Hoover, from all I can gather, is more anti-British than pro-British. His fury over the British rubber monopoly may be recalled. His attitude toward debt reduction was no indication of love for England, and his economic theories on the subject once brought forth a devastating answer from Professor E. R. A. Seligman of Columbia University.

The story of Hoover in the World War needs no repetition. He fed Belgium, came back to the United States and conserved food, and returned to Europe and cared for starving millions in Germany, Russia, Armenia, and Poland. It was during these services abroad that he demonstrated that he had a temper. In December, 1918, he received word from an aide that two German officials desired a conference with him. Informed of their names, he recalled that the pair had been in Belgium during the war, and boiled over. He flatly refused to see them.

"You can describe two and a half years of arrogance toward ourselves and cruelty to the Belgians in any

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language you may select," he said. "And tell the pair personally to go to hell, with my compliments."

This particular incident leaked into print. But there were many other occasions, noted only in the secret files of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. Not long after the invasion of Belgium, Hoover received word that the Allies were no longer willing to have America carry on her humane work. International law, they said, required the enemy to feed a conquered population. If they did so, there would be that much less food for the Germans. The Commission must get out. Germany retorted that international law provided nothing of the sort, and it looked as though Belgium would perish. Hoover rushed from one British Cabinet official to another. Kitchener was still War Lord, and explained the military point of view. England regretted that war compelled this course. They admitted that Belgium might starve, but there seemed to be no way out.

Finally, Hoover went to Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. He described the public reaction in the United States to so brutal a policy. He did so at length and with great heat.

"England said that she went into the war to save Belgium," he said to Lloyd George. "America understands this to be the purpose of the Allies. It would be a cynical thing [he meant "ironical," but was excited] if, when victory comes, the people of Belgium are dead from starvation."

Lloyd George at last looked up. Tears were in his eyes.

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"You're right, you're right!" he agreed, and promised to use his influence with the Government.

V

For all that he dealt with flour, meat, and shipments of fat, Hoover was a glamorous figure during the years from 1914 to 1919. To millions in Europe, his presence had meant life instead of death. He had matched his wits against kings and premiers, diplomats and generals. He walked through the streets of Brussels ever alert lest some demonstrative citizen attempt to thank him for what he had done. He would have been deluged with decorations had it not been that he refused all except the French Legion of Honor and a gracious one, "Honorary Citizen and Friend of the Belgian Nation", created solely for him by King Albert.

At home, Hoover's name became a household term. He had persuaded the housewives of the nation to conserve food by pointing out that in this way they could assist in winning the war. He worked then, as he does now in his efforts to end industrial waste, through co-operation instead of through legislation, and postponed as long as possible all restrictive laws. His one mistake in policy seems to have been a suggestion that suburbanites could relieve the pork shortage, and to this end he started a "Buy a Pig" movement.

"A properly cared for pig," said an official Food Administration statement, "is no more unsanitary than a dog."

Dwellers in Suburbia did not take to the idea, however, and it was abandoned.

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After his service in post-war Europe, Hoover came home again, this time to remain. He had remarked that he had learned how to make money, and was no longer interested in the process. He had withdrawn from his mining enterprises in 1914, sacrificing a potential fortune in doing so, and was now vaguely anxious to enter public life. Knowing Europe and its intrigues better than did most men, he deplored portions of the Treaty of Versailles, and saw in the League of Nations the only path to peace.

But the Hoover of 1919 was, as some one then said of him, like "a wearer of the Congressional Medal of Honor". Knowing nothing of politics, and with no friends among the influential of either party, there was danger that the war years would remain the high point of his life and that, although still a young man, he would never again find similar opportunities to do good. Probably he realized this and was, himself, half afraid that he might, figuratively speaking, spend the rest of his days spinning yarns around a cracker barrel.

I am not offering the theory that, in 1919, Hoover felt that he must have the Presidency. He was very tired. He knew that occupancy of the White House had broken Wilson's health. Moreover, as a mining engineer, he surveyed the whole business of politics with both doubt and disapproval. Politicians had long been merely impedimenta in the path of things he wanted to do. They interposed objections to engineering projects. They gave in to hallucinations that gold or silver or lead could be dug from the earth by legislative fiat. They were notoriously inaccurate in their predictions

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as to the outcome of a political campaign. Their very trade was so filled with human equations as to be anathema to the scientific mind.

Hoover's friends, knowing equally little about politics, started his ill-fated boom for President. They did not care whether he was a Republican or a Democrat and Hoover did not know; he had rarely been in the United States long enough to vote. His sole asset as an aspirant for nomination by either party was great popular strength. While various newspapers were sounding his praises, the politicians plotted to get rid of him. Hoover, meanwhile, was meditating on the faults and virtues of each party, and was issuing statements that he was "not a party man". William Jennings Bryan denounced him for the Democrats. The late Boies Penrose said in a shocked voice that Hoover had insulted the G. O. P. in 1918, when he had appealed to the nation to elect a Democratic Congress and thereby give Wilson support for the peace negotiations and the League of Nations.

The Republican convention was to be held first, and had Hoover kept quiet it is possible that he would have been nominated simply because of the fear that the Democrats might take him. There is a legend that Penrose sent emissaries to pose as independents and urge him to declare himself a Republican. He was assured, as were his friends, that his popular strength was certain to bring the nomination. This story may not be true. But, in the end, having repeated his assertions that neither party was ideal, Hoover said that he was a Republican and would accept a call from that party alone.

Ingenious Paradox

The Old Guard snickered and greased the machinery that resulted in the selection of Warren G. Harding in a hotel room filled with perspiring men and cigar smoke.

In late June, 1920, Hoover issued a statement requesting support for Harding and pronouncing his platform "constructive and progressive". He had learned a bitter lesson. When his name had been placed in nomination there had been a burst of applause from the galleries. But the delegates had smiled grimly, and he had received only five and one-half votes. The memory of that pittance still burns.

It is easy to explain Hoover's acceptance of a post in Harding's Cabinet by saying, as his opponents will do, that he wished to remain in the political picture. Undoubtedly, there is an element of truth in this. It is not unfair to Hoover to say that for eight years he has been at least a passive candidate for President. Those friends who labored for him in 1920 continued their activities undismayed. On the other hand, the Department of Commerce was not a very attractive post. Its secretary is the stepchild of an Administration. No one has risen from this new Cabinet post to political glory, and it should be remembered that Hoover was sincerely anxious to give the rest of his life to some form of public service.

It would seem only just, also, to acknowledge that he has administered the office with success beyond the hopes of his most devoted admirers. He has simplified its machinery, has vastly extended its influence, and has brought it to the front rank. He has wrestled with the great and increasingly important problems of water

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power, finance, coal, industrial efficiency, foreign trade, and transportation, and has carried them nearer to solution. He has been, as some one rather meanly said of him, "Secretary of the Department of Commerce and undersecretary of all other departments". He has been the trouble man of two Administrations and, as such, has been called upon to wrestle with coal strikes, Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, radio regulation, the debt settlements, and floods.

VI

Obviously, the Hoover of 1928 is a different man from the Hoover of 1918, and there are many, no doubt, who feel that all the differences are not for the best. Some are recalling that in February, 1920, he said that he could not vote with a party that "sought to reëstablish control of the government for profit and privilege". Against this, they are wondering how he endured a seat at the Harding Cabinet table. One suspects that Hoover must look back on those days as a man waking from a nightmare.

He no longer calls for a League of Nations to end war. His voice is no longer heard in defense of a World Court. While his supporters battled in the Ohio and Indiana primaries, he hid behind the fiction that he is not actively a candidate and that silence is his religion. He answered Senator Borah's questionnaire on prohibition, it is true, but he did it in so canny a way that both the wets and the drys profess to be pleased.

He was evasive when he appeared before a Senate committee to testify on the Mississippi flood program,

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and adroitly declined to commit himself on whether the Federal Government should pay the whole cost of relief. Only last summer, he believed that a special session of Congress should be called to deal with flood control, and the sufferers of the Mississippi valley felt confident that he would work vigorously in their behalf. Now they are protesting that they have been betrayed for expediency's sake. Hoover was afraid, it seems, that what he recommended might clash with the nebulous opinions held by President Coolidge. He had already pledged himself to carry forward "the principles of the Republican party and the great objectives of President Coolidge's policies". After the nomination, he notified the G. O. P. convention that he would stand on the party platform, a platform which evaded most of the issues of the day. The man widely believed to know nothing of politics has learned, if anything, too much. One has only to recall that his choice for Chairman of the Republican Committee was Dr. Hubert Work, a member of Mr. Coolidge's Cabinet and once an assistant to Elder Hays in the Post Office Department.

But that Hoover has not entirely transformed himself is proved by the fact that his nomination was exceedingly distasteful to the machine leaders. They are flocking to his banner, publicly at least, and are sounding his praises. Many will knife him at the first opportunity, however. The politicians do not yet trust him, and in this there is hope. He is still suspected of being an independent man and "the boys" fear that, once in the White House, he will again become too independent

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for them. And it can definitely be stated that he was desperately unhappy in the Harding Cabinet. Hoover is not a fool. He knew that all was not well. He was depressed and morose, and daily on the point of resigning. Here, I think, the philosophy of an engineer halted him. Because conditions are dirty is no reason to quit a job. There was real work to be done in the Department of Commerce—work that would stop short in the event of his withdrawal. He had given his word that he would carry it through. So Hoover hung on, sick at heart, but believing that the evil would soon be ended. Hope that he could still be President was a secondary influence.

Hoover now runs for office for the first time in his life. And in this, as in other ways, his career is in marked contrast to that of Alfred E. Smith who campaigns against him. Al Smith has been in public life continuously since 1904, save for two years. He began his long period of service as a Tammany Hall politician, whose sole interest was the welfare of the organization that had bred him. Regularity was his religion. To-day, however, he has grown independent. He has great administrative gifts. His knowledge of the science of government is detailed and thorough. The change in him has been that he has grown less politically minded, and has taken on characteristics that qualify him for nomination by his party. Such, at all events, is my personal belief.

Hoover, on the contrary, had to develop some of the talents that Smith possessed to excess. He no longer deludes himself with amateurish theories that popularity

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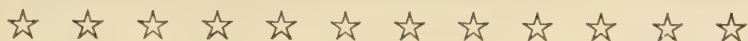
is easily transformed into votes at a national convention. It is not inconsistent with a practical engineering mind that he is now "a partisan member of my party". Engineers exist to get things done. Hoover can achieve his White House objective only by playing the game according to the rules. The time for change is later on.

Thus Americans are being treated to an entertaining spectacle. The two candidates are men of unusual caliber. On the one hand, the voters see Al Smith, who has emerged from Tammany domination to a point where independence is his wisest political course. On the other, they see Herbert Hoover, who once did not know whether he was Republican or Democratic, suppressing his independence and obeying the mandates of party manipulators.

Those who knew Hoover in the past, and who now deplore his actions, should take courage. Men are never at their best in the political arena. The fundamental virtues in Herbert Hoover are doubtless unchanged. He is still an executive virtually without equal. He is a glutton for work. He understands Europe and its problems. He is particularly talented in those engineering problems, such as water power and transportation, that must be solved on a national scale within the next few years. His gifts can never be applied to them unless, for the moment, he bows to expediency.



A M A Y O R - A T - L A R G E



THE HONORABLE JAMES J. WALKER, MAYOR OF THE CITY of New York for the past three years, has now completed three-fourths of his term in that exalted office. His administration has been expensive beyond any other on record and has been marked by an unprecedented irresponsibility on the part of its chief executive. But it has also been replete with good, clean fun. And the Honorable Jimmy has particularly distinguished himself as the best traveled elected official in the history of the town. A Tammany Democrat, a Catholic and a Wet, he has, nevertheless, been summoned to Atlanta, Georgia, to unveil the statue of General Lee on the side of Stone Mountain. He has caroused at a New Orleans Mardi Gras, sunned himself on the torrid sands of the Florida coast and on the shores of the Mediterranean, and has visited, with a strangely mixed entourage, Havana, London, Paris, Dublin, Berlin, Munich, Rome, and Venice. He has been constantly fêted, dined and wined; on his 1927 European junket to such an extent that indigestion overtook him and he returned vowing melancholy (and temporary) allegiance to the Eighteenth Amendment. No Kentucky derby of recent years has been complete without him, no important prize fight eludes him. He has been entertained by ambassadors, lord mayors, premiers, the nobility and

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the lesser royalty. Crowds comparable only to those that greet a Lindbergh or a Prince of Wales have lined the streets through which he has been driven.

Jimmy Walker's wise-cracks, to the utterance of which he is more devoted than to almost anything else, have been edited into pointless Oxonian English by puzzled British journalists. They have been laboriously translated, with an equally meaningless result, into Gaelic, German, Spanish, and Italian. He has carried to the Caribbean, Europe and the British Isles the notion that Americans are, if slightly erratic and invariably late for their appointments, a charming, youthful and sophisticated race with a neat faculty for turning a pretty phrase. Our foreign cousins are unaware, of course, that Jimmy is as much of a phenomenon in his own city as he is abroad. They do not know that his fellow-townsmen shake their heads as they marvel at his gay ways and his disinclination toward work, that they wonder whether this musical comedy mayor has yet accomplished anything at the City Hall; and cheer lustily whenever he makes a speech.

When the Honorable Jimmy was inaugurated in January of 1926, startled but in no way disconcerted by the turn of fate that caused him to succeed the dreary Hylan, there were frequent predictions that within a year the cares of office would have dimmed his sunny nature. The prophets said that no man could operate a civic machine costing \$1,300,000 a day without abandoning his night clubs, first nights, baseball games and prize fights. He would shortly grow reserved and dignified, they set forth, and would make long and dull

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addresses instead of short speeches studded with quips from the latest Broadway show. Jimmy might start his term as "The Jazz Mayor", but the whine of the saxophone and the rattle of the traps would soon be stilled. However, none of this has occurred, possibly because he is content to let the civic machine operate by itself. If Mayor Walker has changed perceptibly from the dashing figure who led the Tammany Democrats in the State Senate, that fact is hidden from the most meticulous observers. He finds time for all of his former diversions. Not long ago, attending a first night, he scrambled up on the stage at the invitation of the comedian and took part in the show. He has attempted to write a song for another musical comedy. He manages, in brief, to have his job and his fun, too. And as yet instances of public disapproval are but sporadic: occasional editorials (which he does not read) warning him that time flies, that important problems still await solution, and that he must be more industrious. Even the editorial writers join in the general acclaim when he returns from some journey and hail him as "Ambassador Walker", "New York's Super-Salesman", "Manhattan's Good-Will Delegate".

If Will Rogers is justly called America's "Congressman-at-Large", Jimmy Walker must be accorded the title of "Mayor-at-Large". No former occupant of New York's City Hall has been so widely known, so frequently photographed, so often a figure in the news reels. No other has greeted so many visitors at his office, visitors ranging from Paul Whiteman to an envoy of the Pope. It is an exceptional day when there

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is not a brass band in front of the City Hall, an honor guard of police, a shining limousine, and a (more or less) distinguished visitor being given the freedom of the city by a slender mayor wearing spats that are a shade lighter in color than the mode demands. Jimmy is the first American city official whose roamings are first page news in all parts of the country. Hundreds of cable dispatches reported his opinions, always enthusiastically favorable, regarding the cities that he visited on his latest grand tour. He has become more than merely the Mayor of New York. He has assumed national, even international, proportions. Secretaries of Chambers of Commerce and Rotary Clubs throughout the country rejoice that he inspires friendly sentiments toward the United States and assure themselves that exports are certain to boom. I quote from the *Boston Transcript*, normally somewhat aloof about New York, as typical of the reaction outside of Manhattan to the reports of Mayor Jimmy's travels:

"He is extremely well liked wherever he goes, and at this time, when even International Peace delegates have to be protected in Holland by mounted police, it is certainly a good thing to have abroad for a little while an American public functionary with whom everybody falls in love. Mayor Walker might well be considered for the diplomatic service after his term of office of Mayor of New York has expired. Of course he is a Democrat, and the Democrats may never agree on a Presidential candidate who can be elected, but the diplomatic service is gradually acquiring a divorce from

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party politics, and any party might well be glad to get 'Jimmy' Walker".

II

Save for such undemocratic incidentals as heredity, birth and breeding, there are striking similarities between the present Mayor of New York and that other renowned globe trotter, the Prince of Wales. Both have an ear for music and an eye for that type of entertainment inspired by the woes of the tired business man. Jimmy, in learning the Charleston a year or so ago, struck his knee against a table and for a fortnight limped to his office with a cane; while the newspapers explained that he had been hurt at home, "hurrying to answer the telephone". The Prince, in mastering the same dance, incurred the displeasure of the Queen. Both, unless the gossip regarding England's darling is unfounded, have an active distaste for reading.

The parallel cannot, unfortunately, be extended to their respective jobs. The Prince of Wales serves his country best, no doubt, by exhibiting his charm as widely as possible. His public duties are numerous, but they are chiefly ceremonial in nature. Certainly he need not concern himself, in any official capacity, with England's tax rate, with the payment of interest on her loans, or with the mysteries of her government. The utmost he is expected to do, and this only because he will one day be King, is to affect a polite interest in these matters. But the Mayor of New York, unhappily, is surrounded by what Jimmy Walker, about to take office in 1926, mournfully termed "the headaches

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of the City Hall". These are not dispelled by spreading goodwill on foreign soil, by making affable after-dinner speeches, by handing out keys to the city in bunches, by learning the latest dance steps, by preserving a reputation for keen enjoyment of life.

The Mayor of New York is the responsible head of a corporation with a budget, for 1928, of \$512,500,000. It has thousands of employees, is engaged in innumerable activities and should pay dividends, in the form of better government, to the 6,000,000 people who pay taxes either directly or in the form of rent. Very few of the nation's industrial leaders control annual expenditures even remotely comparable to those of New York City. Nearly all of them work feverishly in an effort to reduce expenditures, increase dividends, and devise more scientific operating methods. Were they to spend their nights on Broadway or devote any appreciable amount of their time to travel, they would, I suspect, swiftly find themselves retired by irate boards of directors.

Campaigning for the mayoralty in the fall of 1925, Jimmy demonstrated that he was fully cognizant of the dimensions of the position to which he aspired. Many huge problems awaited solution, he said. Among the most pressing he listed new subways, additional schools, street traffic relief, rehabilitation of public hospitals and proper disposal of garbage and sewage. He criticized his predecessor, Mr. Hylan, for failing to have attended to these crying needs. With the help of his fellow citizens, he promised, he would do so. Not only that, he declared in several addresses, but he would

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attempt a complete reorganization of the city government. This was archaic, expensive and unscientific. There were many unnecessary departments and these he proposed to eliminate.

It is, of course, unfair to call any American candidate to account for promises made before taking office. Ordinarily they are forgotten as soon as Election Day has passed. And the wonder is, perhaps, not that Jimmy has done as little as he has, but that he has done as much. Despite his attacks of wanderlust and his devotion to pleasure, he has been making definite progress with those projects which touch a side of him that is deeply sentimental. He is profoundly stirred when he thinks of the hardships of the poor and so, after visiting a city psychopathic ward and finding it "unfit for dogs", he forced an appropriation of \$16,000,000 for public hospitals. Similarly motivated, he insisted that \$1,000,000 be spent to improve Central Park and evolved a plan, of dubious economic worth, whereby the city is to assist in the construction of decent tenements. But these matters, important as each may be in itself, are mere trifles in contrast to problems regarding which he seems to be completely lost. He is continuing to build a subway, started by the Hylan administration, without knowing how it is to be operated or financed. He clings, for obvious political reasons, to the five-cent fare, although it is hardly possible that this will be sufficient to support any new subways. Schools are being built, but thousands of children are still without proper accommodations. Virtually nothing has been done to relieve traffic congestion and nothing at all to

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clear up pollution of beaches caused by the dumping of garbage at sea.

Jimmy was wary enough, even during his campaign, to avoid predictions that he would reduce the cost of the city government. In 1925 the annual budget was \$440,000,000. During 1926, his first year, few increases were permitted, but for 1927 the total was approximately \$477,000,000. This year a record budget of \$512,500,000 will set another high record. New York has grown, of course, and Jimmy is not to blame for the added expense that this brings. But were he less of an organization Tammany politician, and willing to attend to the details of his work, he could probably slash off several hundred thousand dollars. In almost every city department there is a degree of waste. The total of the salaries paid annually to political appointees is appalling. These, however, are problems that require detailed research into schedules of previous years and prolonged investigations into the efficiency of department heads. They are exactly the type of "headache" that Jimmy avoids. Besides, he has no time for them.

It is still, although three years have elapsed, too early to know whether he will effect any of his plans for reorganization of the city departments. Soon after he was inaugurated various earnest gentlemen came to his office with plans for civic betterment. They had ideas concerning every branch of the government. Jimmy listened with cordiality to all of their plans, pledged his coöperation, and later, in a burst of inspiration, announced the formation of a huge advisory committee. On this he placed nearly all of those who had made

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suggestions and a great many others in addition. He asked them to study every angle of the problem and to report to him in detail. He would then draft a program.

As the third year of his term ends, the committee is still studying. Now and then a member complains that slight coöperation is being received from the City Hall.

III

Surely the gods have thus far smiled on this youthful-appearing man who is so important an official of New York. It is not to be wondered that he is a happy spirit, for throughout his days he has been able to achieve what he has desired. Had this been money in great store, Jimmy Walker would, I think, have been able to amass a fortune. But money, to him, is entirely unimportant, a commodity made to be spent and utterly useless in the bank. At a restaurant dinner he is the first to reach for the check. He delights in the rôle of impromptu host, particularly when he is on vacation, and has been seen in Paris cafés inviting strangers to partake of his hospitality. On his present salary of \$25,000 a year he is getting along fairly well. But I doubt that he is saving a nickel. For years he was invariably broke, and always had friends anxious to lend him more money than he could possibly use.

Jimmy was born—one is startled to realize that it was forty-seven years ago—in the political district known as the Ninth Ward in Manhattan. The ward boundaries have long been forgotten, but the district included most of Greenwich Village, then a staid and

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respectable residential section of old houses with small gardens at their doorways. The new immigration had not reached its flood in the 'eighties, and the majority of the residents were Irish-Catholics. Among them was William H. Walker, an immigrant, for a time a Tammany member of the State Assembly, a prosperous lumber dealer by vocation and the father of a future mayor. Jim Walker—it was not until he entered politics that he was called "Jimmy"—knew no hardships in his boyhood. He went to private school, talked his way out of fights with bulkier lads, and exhibited, at a tender age, an inclination to remain out at night. He often incurred parental wrath by stealing over to a vaudeville house on Union Square and remaining, enthralled, as the performance was repeated until midnight. He shone as a debater at school and studied, if casually, enough to qualify for law school. In 1912 he was admitted to the bar.

Many things, though, had occurred before he became a lawyer. Influenced, probably, by the melodies he had heard on Union Square, he began to write lyrics during his twenties. One of these, that immortal waltz ballad "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?" survived to be dinned in his ears constantly. He has heard it, in the years of his greatness, played by orphan asylum, military, police, street cleaning and fire department bands. Only during the mayoralty primaries in 1925 did he betray regret that he had written it. In an unguarded moment he remarked that it was not much worse than most campaign songs. But would the

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voters love him in November as they were shouting that they did before the balloting began?

A political career was inevitable for a youth of Jimmy Walker's heredity and talents and in 1910 he was sent to the lower house of the Legislature there to find, among his Tammany colleagues, Alfred E. Smith, a veteran of six sessions, and Robert F. Wagner, a serious-minded young German from the Yorkville section on the East Side of Manhattan. Before long the three were known as the particular favorites of Boss Murphy of Tammany, were denounced annually by the Better Element and were annually reëlected with increased majorities. While Smith became, in 1918, Governor of the state and Wagner went to the Supreme Court and later to the United States Senate, Jimmy flourished in the Legislature. He was promoted to the State Senate after five years and eventually became the leader of his party. In that rôle he fought many of the battles that added to the prestige of Al Smith.

The fifteen years that Jimmy spent in the legislature left an indelible mark on his character. Although an executive in name, he still is primarily a parliamentarian. Conferences bore him and his schedule of appointments is in complete confusion before his day at the City Hall has well started. It is only when he is presiding at some meeting that he is really happy. He can then play the rôle that he loved back in the old days. People are present to laugh at his wisecracks, to applaud the celerity with which he keeps things moving, to marvel at his ready answers to all arguments offered by the side to which he is opposed.

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During his Albany years he had few real competitors when a debate was in progress. His sarcasm was the despair of his fellow members. And he never was dull. When he was scheduled to speak the galleries were crowded and applause was almost continuous as he walked swiftly up and down the broad center aisle of the Assembly chamber; a slim, excited figure with his dark hair in disorder, dressed like a Broadway actor, relishing the laughter that his sallies earned. Jimmy often knew more about the bill under discussion than any one else on the floor, particularly about those hidden diableries that are the delight of the smart politician. But he had, it was probable, barely glanced at the measure until a half hour before the debate began.

IV

One is tempted to the conclusion, in pondering the Honorable Jimmy, that he thinks from the top of his mind, that he is wholly surface. He is not unlike those irritating youths, found on every college campus, who rarely open their books and yet sail through their examinations with distinction. Inevitably, he is often bluffing and once in a great while he is caught at it. Late last fall he was presiding at a public hearing on the budget. Taxpayers appeared to debate some of the items and to protest against the manner in which their money was being squandered. As at all such meetings, Jimmy was in his element. He had a pleasant joke for one appellant, a witty saying for another, thinly veiled bunk for a third, and apparently righteous indignation for a department head who sought a greatly

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increased appropriation. During a momentary lull in the merriment an elderly lady asked that \$3,400 be provided for a "dietitian to supervise the lunches for children in the city schools".

"One dietitian for all of the hundreds of thousands of school children?" asked His Honor in surprise, reflecting on the indigestion that had resulted from his banquets abroad. "Why, I've visited twenty of the best dietitians in town since I got back and they can't tell me yet what I can eat. How can one dietitian examine all those children? It's absurd."

The lady looked troubled and attempted to explain what she meant. But Jimmy had no time for explanations from others. He held forth on the subject for several minutes and revealed that he had not the slightest notion of the duties of a dietitian.

It is just this sort of thing that causes apprehension in the minds of Mayor Walker's friends. They are aware that he leans heavily on his assistants (and on the leaders of Tammany Hall) and often makes their advice the sole basis for his decisions. Many of the matters on which he is required to pass are extremely complicated and the possibility always exists that he will be misled. A mistake in the wording of some contract might cost the city millions of dollars and further discredit Tammany for years to come. It is an open secret that Al Smith, whose influence brought him the nomination, is irritated by Jimmy's long absences from the City Hall and by his chronic inability to be on time at any appointment. He is in disagreement, also, with some of the Walker Administration's policies. Publicly,

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of course, Al and Jimmy are as cordially in harmony as ever. The Governor remarks, when an opportunity is offered, that Walker is the best mayor since the dawn of time. Jimmy proclaims loudly that Smith is a leader second only to Washington, Lincoln, and Charles F. Murphy.

Several factors will, it is hoped, combine to save Jimmy Walker from disaster. Despite his apparent superficiality he has undoubted ability to master the fundamentals of government. He knew, within a few months after taking office, as much as the diligent Hyman had been able to accumulate in years of grinding toil. His most valuable protective gift is a cynicism born of years in political life, a conviction that most of those who journey to the City Hall, ostensibly in behalf of worthy projects, are looking out for themselves. Those cities of the Old World he has graced with his visits picture him as the Sophisticated New Yorker without equal. But even more than this he is the sophisticated politician. There are few tricks in this questionable trade that he does not know, although there are many that he refuses to practice. He is ever on the alert, as long as it does not keep him too long at his desk, for dirty work. And when, as in 1928, the dirty work becomes known, he is tremendous in his wrath.

A large part of the city government is, moreover, automatic in its operation. Most of Jimmy's appointments, in some cases under pressure from Al Smith, have been somewhat above the average. He can safely leave many details to his department heads. At all events, Jimmy is not, himself, worried in the least about

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the future. He continues to arrive at his office at noon, to leave it early in the day on the slightest provocation, to be late for every appointment and every meeting. Almost never, in fact, is he on time for anything. He keeps scores of people waiting for hours, but escapes the indignation he justly deserves to have heaped upon his head.

"Late as usual," he grins cheerfully when he at last arrives. And somehow stored-up anger dissolves in his presence.

V

After eight years of Hylan, a gentleman with a desperately serious nature, Jimmy Walker was at first acceptable merely because he was so different. His speeches were brief and to the point. Instead of viewing every caller at the City Hall with suspicion, as a probable spy from Wall Street, he gave orders that all were to be treated with courtesy. He installed at the outer door of his office a police lieutenant whose manners would do credit to a head waiter. It is not to be wondered that he began his term with a degree of good will that extended even to the Republican newspapers. But that he still enjoys no small measure of this is a political paradox.

For the Honorable Jimmy, skilled in the art of politics though he is, does nearly everything that he should not do according to the established code. Sailing for Europe last summer, he occupied a suite on the *Beren-garia* identical to the one once graced by that excessively well known celebrity, the Queen of Rumania. For days

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the newspapers had been filled with descriptions of his wardrobe; how he was equipped with twenty-five dress shirts, a galaxy of vests, a dozen suits, an assortment of hats and innumerable canes. He admitted, to the accompaniment of some shuddering at Tammany Hall, that he was taking along a valet. He let it be known that he would be entertained by scores of important persons abroad and rashly said that he hoped to drop in on the King and Queen of England. Fortunately, in view of the frenzy of indignation such a call might have aroused in the breasts of Irish voters, their Majesties were not in London at the time of his visit.

By all known precedents these elaborate details should have brought protests from the proletariat. But nothing of the sort happened. Just why no one minded is a little difficult to explain. I suspect, however, that for all his sartorial elegance, Jimmy never gives the impression that his top hats are high hat. His clothes have never lost their Broadway flavor. He wears spats, but he does so as does Al Jolson rather than after the manner of a Union League Club swell. He holds his public, also, by his willingness to give forth exactly the brand of sentimental bromides that he surveys with cynical amusement when they come from others. Attending a mass-meeting of school children, he insisted that their songs were "the sweetest I have ever heard". Just before going abroad he addressed a gathering of newsboys and said that he loved his city "more than anything else in the world unless it be my country and my God". He assured them that he sailed laden with the responsibilities of "a public servant", and not a mere

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tourist as he had been on a voyage some years before.

"When I rode through a park on my previous trip," he said, "it was just a park, nothing more. Now it must be a piece of ground full of trees and leaves that I will compare minutely with Central Park."

Similarly, in Berlin, London, Paris, and most of the other cities that he visited, he persuaded the American correspondents to cable home long accounts of how diligently he was studying transit, hospitalization, traffic, and sewage disposal. An occasional newspaper reader in this country must have deplored that this industrious "public servant" had found it impossible to take a vacation, after all, but had become involved in civic problems wherever he had gone. Returning in September, Jimmy revealed that he was "a better mayor" because of his wanderings. Almost every moment not occupied with official receptions, he said, had been devoted to urban puzzles.

On the whole, Jimmy's foreign excursion was highly successful. The applause reached its highest point in Paris, where he tore himself from his studies long enough to visit the Montmartre nightly and where he publicly denounced expatriate Americans who, after a year of residence, acquire a foreign accent and look with contempt on their native land. He presented a check to Madame Nungesser and entranced those present by joining in the Gallic outburst of weeping.

Having received an invitation to attend the American Legion jollification, Jimmy had an official excuse for visiting Paris. But his popularity with the veterans caused, it is rumored, the one unpleasant feature of his

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trip. It is said that the cheers with which he was greeted when reviewing a parade proved frightfully irritating to several underlings of the American embassy. These gentlemen, acting on their own initiative, expressed fears that demonstrations in behalf of a Tammany Hall mayor might be distasteful to the officials at Washington to whom they owed their jobs. So they placed Jimmy as far back in the reviewing stand as they dared. Gossip regarding their resentment, when this scheme did not work and he still stole the show, was all over Paris before he sailed for home. It had been reported for several days that he was to be initiated into the Legion of Honor and when, mysteriously, this rather commonplace ceremony did not take place, it was whispered that the young men of the embassy were responsible. Finally back in New York, Jimmy permitted stories to circulate that he had been shadowed while abroad. The inference drawn from these tales by his friends was that the G.O.P. had hoped to catch him drinking champagne in some Montmartre den, to broadcast that scandal, and to injure Al Smith's presidential boom by revealing the true nature of his fellow Democrat. This naïve plan, if it existed at all outside of Jimmy's imagination, produced exactly nothing.

It was in Berlin that he caused the most widespread astonishment. The solid burghers of that city looked with awe at his youth and interspersed their cries of "*hoch!*" with ones of "*kolossal!*" as he rode down Unter den Linden. Being Germans, they were used to well-upholstered public officials, weighty men of great substance with flowing beards or, at the least, impressive

A Mayor-at-Large

mustaches. Jimmy seemed ridiculously immature. In Germany, as everywhere else, the New York executive remarked that each city he chanced to be in at the moment was the greatest he had seen. Berlin was "delightful and the cleanest of cities". In Rome, he said that Italy was "an earthly Paradise" and that he was shaken by admiration for the "genius and nobility of Mussolini". He found Venice "absolutely ideal". Reaching Paris, he declared a little plaintively that "here they know how to live and let live". And he charmed the French to distraction by his reply when he was asked how he managed to understand what they were saying, as he seemed to do, although he knew no French.

"It's not hard to understand the French people," he said, "if you have an ear for music."

"He has," remarked *Le Matin*, following this gallantry, "a most attractive personality. By the movements of his body he interprets what is in his heart. That is to say, he speaks with his eyes, his nose, his arms and his whole chest."

The Mayor of New York indulged, of course, his flair for wise-cracks. Adopting the idea, apparently, that if it got a laugh at one function it would go well at the next, he said a half a dozen times that "this meal is the best I have yet drunk". Speaking to Americans, he called them "fellow-refugees from the Eighteenth Amendment". Baden-Baden, he suggested, was so lovely a town that it should have been called "good and gooder". Shown some ancient plate in a London museum, he said that one gold bowl would "be perfect if

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filled with cocktails". Nor could he, despite the frantic efforts of his staff, be on time anywhere. Italy, France, and even Germany took no notice of this delinquency. It was Ireland, the land of his fathers, that expressed irritation. One Belfast editor called him "New York's slow-motion mayor". Another said that his song should be "I'll Meet You in December if You Arrange for May".

For the moment, his yearnings for travel satiated and the subway tangle increasingly involved, Jimmy is in town and is more or less occupied with the troubles of the City Hall. During the year that remains of his term these will grow in number and intensity. He declared, from time to time, that he would not seek another term, that he was through with public life. But when a lower court announced a seven-cent fare, he said, like Hylan, that he would not desert the people. He will, after all, have very little to say about whether he runs again or not. If Tammany Hall needs him to lead a ticket, he will obey its command. The prospect that alarms him most is the possibility of an order to run for Governor. This might mean living in a somber executive mansion one hundred and fifty miles from the city he loves.

Meanwhile he adds in great measure to the hilarity of the town. He makes New York, in yet another way, unique among the cities on this planet. No other has ever had a mayor even remotely like Jimmy, and probably would decline to have. He has youth, charm and humor. He finds that life is pleasant only as long as one does not analyze it too closely. Far from a sim-

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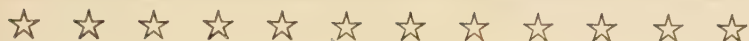
pering optimist, he attempts to find a bright side and would "rather laugh than cry".

"I like the company of my fellow beings," he has said. "I like the theater and I am devoted to sports."

And New York, laughing with him far oftener than at him, continues to like Jimmy Walker. The citizens of the metropolis are, apparently, entirely satisfied that he dances, and are willing to pay the piper in the annual budget.



ASK DR. CADMAN



IN NEARLY EVERY CITY IN THE LAND, AS THE MOST casual reading of its newspapers will demonstrate, there is at least one clergyman who is a hustler and a publicist in addition to being the shepherd of his flock. He is well known to the local reporters, sends advance copies of his sermons to the city editors, and makes himself heard on the questions of the day. He belongs to important civic committees, attends the luncheons of the principal service club, and assists the Chamber of Commerce in welcoming distinguished guests.

In days that have passed, when the pace of life was more gentle, the clergyman was a man who had drawn apart from earthly things. He visited the poor and comforted the sick and the dying. He grew a little vague when confronted with such problems as a new mortgage or a new roof for the vestry, and turned these matters over to his deacons. The church was a house of refuge, a place for contemplation, the sheltered abode of the spiritual. In time, however, it became apparent that a new age demanded new things. In the smaller villages religion remained static, but in the cities the clergy reached out for more up-to-date ways of spreading their versions of the word of God. They built magnificent new churches, sometimes with hotels or office buildings above them, and raised funds by the go-getter

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methods of Liberty Loan drives. They turned to the press and the radio, because their audiences were dwindling. They became authorities on petting parties, crime, bootlegging and divorce. They hired the public relations counsel.

An outstanding figure among the new-style ministers is the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn and President of the Federal Council of Churches in America. The Rev. Dr. Cadman still believes, as he often makes clear, that woman's place is in the home, that motherhood is her only true calling, that birth control is sinful, that prohibition is a great moral experiment certain to succeed if given half a chance, that children should be spanked. But in spreading his gospel he uses media born of modernism. He addresses countless millions each Sunday by radio, and each day writes a syndicated newspaper article similar in form, although not always in content, to the Dorothy Dix forums on love. His correspondence is comparable to that of a mail-order house executive; and every morning, in his study, he dictates for hours to his secretaries. He answers almost any question, whether on religion, politics, business, military affairs, literature, or domestic entanglements. When bigger audiences are available through additional miracles of science, Dr. Cadman will address them. When more questions are asked, Dr. Cadman will answer them. His name is known, from coast to coast, in every household that reads newspapers or twirls the knobs of a radio set. In many of them it is synonymous with omniscience.

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The catholicity of Dr. Cadman's knowledge is equaled only by the size of his audiences. For the past two years he has been presiding over a column published in the New York *Herald Tribune* and syndicated to eighty other newspapers throughout the country with a total circulation of more than ten million readers a day. Among the questions he has answered without hesitation are: What is the soul? How can I keep my wife from bobbing her hair? What are the evidences of high civilization? What is your conception of hell? Who was the foremost military genius in the British armies in the World War? What is success?

Dr. Cadman rarely qualifies his answers, although he frequently resorts to generalities; nor does he shrink from prophecy and mystic interpretation.

"Is there any chance," asked one thirsty newspaper reader, "that the Eighteenth Amendment will be repealed?"

"Not the slightest," was the brisk and brief retort.

"Russia will remain a liability for another century at least," he ruled on another occasion.

"Why," asked a troubled baseball fan, "did Walter Johnson lose the last game of the World Series?"

"It is not part of God's plan," said Dr. Cadman, "that one champion shall win all the time."

It will be a relief to many, considering the vastness of this divine's influence, to know that he upholds the rigid sanctity of marriage, just as he says "Emphatically not", when asked whether he approves of birth control. This was demonstrated when a reader of his articles set forth that she and her husband were

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desperately unhappy together, but that under the laws of New York State neither could obtain a divorce. Was it "not a sacrilege for a couple to remain married when they have no love for each other?"

"No cohabitation is a sacrilege," he replied, "as long as it is sanctioned by Church and State and by the right behavior of the parties cohabiting."

Once in a while, of course, he has to resort to nimble footwork in answering questions that are highly debatable. A reader once wanted to know whether Dr. Cadman would "sit down to a course dinner with Negroes". Instead of turning to his Bible, he recalled the luncheon given by a President of the United States to Booker T. Washington.

"I would. Theodore Roosevelt did. What is good enough for him is good enough for you."

II

Dr. Cadman demonstrates his mental agility most vividly on Sunday afternoons, when he addresses his "radio audience". For years prior to the invention of broadcasting he had lectured to the Men's Conference of the Bedford Avenue Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in Brooklyn. He had assisted thousands of young men to solve their spiritual, temporal, even their business problems. Four years ago radio was called to the aid of religion, and now a network of broadcasting stations carries Dr. Cadman's pleasantly sonorous voice to at least half the nation's population. Radio enthusiasts as far west as Iowa, in most of the cities of eastern Canada, along the greater

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portion of the Atlantic seaboard, and as far in the inland South as Kentucky can hear him if they choose. It has been estimated that from five million to seven million actually tune in each Sunday. This figure is, of course, merely guesswork; there is no way of knowing how many of those who own radio sets decline to worship at the feet of this twentieth-century oracle. That the invisible congregation is very large is demonstrated, though, by the letters that Dr. Cadman and the Y.M.C.A. receive. Sometimes there are as many as two thousand in a single week. They come from villages and cities, and even from sailors who have listened in while at sea. Most of them are from comparatively poor people, for it is well known that the wicked upper classes play golf on Sunday. The late Judge Elbert H. Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, was, however, an enthusiastic Cadman fan, I am told.

Any one who has listened to the broadcasting of Dr. Cadman's Y.M.C.A. forum is necessarily somewhat awed by the celerity with which he answers the questions put to him at the end of his half-hour sermon. It seems obvious that they must have been shown to him in advance, and that he has been able to scurry to an encyclopedia and a Biblical concordance. Although he attempts to limit his Sunday questions, these days, to spiritual matters, it is not always considered wise for him to do so. Consequently, the range is very wide and within recent months has included: What will be the nature of the resurrected body? What should an alien do when he arrives in this country? Why is America so

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unpopular abroad? Who is more thrifty, the Hebrew or the Scotchman?

The truth is, inquiry develops, that the chief attraction of Dr. Cadman's performance is his ability to answer questions with, as the Y.M.C.A. program puts it, "Gatling-gun rapidity". Only when a matter of policy is involved does he see the puzzlers ahead of time. A committee goes over the hundreds received and, after picking out those that are too silly (there are few of them) or that have been answered before, places several in front of him.

"How," asked one astonished worshiper after a service, "are you able to answer all these questions so swiftly and so surely?"

"Habit, I suppose," replied Dr. Cadman.

His friends have pointed out that he has rare ability "to think on his feet" and that he has unusual confidence in himself. He does not, in other words, face the microphone with any apprehension that he will be given a question beyond his range of knowledge.

III

Plump, elderly, with gray hair and with eyes that look out with complacency from behind his glasses, the Rev. Dr. Cadman might serve as a pattern for the well-fed, prosperous, authoritative, and successful city clergyman. Here is a man very certain of salvation, very certain of his creeds, very sure of his scholarship, very confident that he speaks with official sanction. It is wholly fantastic, as he stands on the platform of the Y.M.C.A. auditorium, that his voice is being wafted

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on ether waves to millions and that other millions turn daily to their newspapers for his counsel. For Dr. Cadman is no Aimee Semple McPherson, and certainly no Billy Sunday. A believer in personal evangelism, he is not a go-getting evangelist. Nor is he a really great pulpit orator. Like all ministers, he is, naturally, something of an actor. He knows the value of phrasing, of climax, of emotional appeal. He permits his voice to rise and fall and to crash in crescendo, but he is always dignified and always a little restrained; and only rarely does an "Amen" break from the lips of that fraction of his congregation which attends his services in person, and not through vacuum tubes and B batteries.

Dr. Cadman looks back on life and finds it excellent. Few, no doubt, have better right, for he rose from poverty to an eminence where he is certainly the most widely heard, and probably the best paid, Congregational minister on earth. He was born in Shropshire, England, in 1864, the son of a Methodist minister. As a boy he sometimes worked in a neighborhood coal mine, and learned thereby the worth of honest toil. He was early destined to the ministry, and in 1889 was graduated from London University. In 1890 he came to America, the opportunities for religious advancement in this new land being comparable to those in commercial lines, and he was, almost from the day that he landed, marked by his Methodist bishop as a coming man. His first flock was in Millbrook, New York, and after that he was, for a brief time, detailed to Yonkers, New York. But the Church does not permit its particularly talented to waste themselves on rural folk, so

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in 1895 he was told to reorganize a number of dwindling parishes in downtown Manhattan. Within six years he had added 1,600 members to their congregations.

In 1901 Dr. Cadman was called to the Central Congregational Church in Brooklyn, and accepted the summons, although a Methodist. During the years that have passed he has rejected many offers, among them the presidency of that stronghold of Methodism, Wesleyan University. A few years ago a London church asked for his services, also without result. His friends pointed out that he had become a citizen of the United States as soon as the law had made it possible, and that he would not return, except as a friendly visitor, to the land of his nativity. Now, along with the late Henry Ward Beecher and the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, he ranks as one of the really inspired preachers which Brooklyn seems to produce more easily than any other part of New York City. His flock showed its appreciation in 1923 by raising his pay to \$12,000 a year, and in 1926 by giving him a purse of \$25,000—\$1,000 for every year of service.

During the first years of his career Dr. Cadman won a reputation for advanced thought, and even in 1901, when he went to Brooklyn, had been widely quoted as a believer in the abolition of creeds. In a hundred years, he has said, "there'll be no denominations and there'll be more Christianity". As a young minister, too, there were traces of pacifism in his make-up; in 1896 he said that to make war with Spain over Cuba would be criminal. In 1908 he criticized Theodore Roosevelt for

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wanting a large Army and Navy. But with the outbreak of hostilities in Europe he began, together with most of his brothers of the cloth, to see that God was on the side of the Allies and to change his views regarding militarism. To learn what war was actually like he became chaplain of the Twenty-third Regiment of the New York National Guard, and lost fifteen pounds serving on the Mexican border. Regarding war, he said, at about that time:

“It is not the worst of evils. The gilded youth of Broadway is typical of a much greater evil. This war is purging the nations. They will be better for it. It is sweeping away the trivial and frivolous and revealing the deep and serious”.

Returning from Texas, Chaplain Cadman remarked that universal military training was “splendid”. At one of his Y. M. C. A. conferences he was asked what should be done pending possible war with the Kaiser, whose acts he had already described as those of “a devil incarnate”.

“Prepare! Prepare! Prepare!” he boomed.

So great was his fervor that he even forgot his friendliness toward other creeds and his dreams of a universal Church. The Lutheran Church in Germany, he explained, was not “the Bride of Christ”, but “the paramour of Kaiserism”. After America had entered the struggle he blessed its cause as “that of Christ”. Then he added:

“If religion means to us what it did to Christ, that is, a cross of blood, then the soldiers and sailors are the

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most religious men we have among us. Shed blood has always brought man nearest to God. 'Greater love has no man than this, that he lay down his life for his country.' "

A millionaire friend, Dr. Cadman went on, had expressed doubt about the wisdom of the war. Asked what he would do if he found a "burglar attacking his wife", the pacifist had replied that he "would try to stop him without hurting him".

"What," demanded the pastor, "can you do with a God-forsaken ass like that?"

IV

The doctor recovered his balance in time. By 1926 he was opposing military service in the schools, and was in that year barred from the Commencement exercises of the patriotic New York Military Academy at Cornwall after he had been asked to make an address. So angry did the die-hard militarists become at their former brother-in-arms that one Sunday afternoon they stormed his Y. M. C. A. forum and hissed until the police reserves ejected them. Dr. Cadman's shifting views on militarism have, in fact, constituted one of the few inconsistencies in his career as a publicist.

He belongs to that ever-increasing group of clergymen, in New York and elsewhere, who know the sweet uses of publicity, who never say "No" to a reporter, who are always willing to be quoted on the question of the day. Dr. Cadman has, at one time or another, been interviewed on the League of Nations, the greatness of

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President Coolidge, the potentially equal greatness of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., the adoption of Mary Spas by the once prominent Edward W. Browning, and the experimental murder of Leopold and Loeb. He was among the patriots who rushed to the defense of George Washington when Rupert Hughes published the first of his volumes on the Father of his Country. In this case Dr. Cadman evolved a somewhat novel method of literary criticism, saying:

“Above all, Washington was sane, sober, and self-controlled. One look at his face and then at that of Mr. Hughes should convince any one that the pup looked at the King—and not like him.”

Within recent months Dr. Cadman has been given another opportunity for service. He has become Chairman of the “Religious Book of the Month Club”, an organization which guarantees to provide its members with a truly godly book each month. It did not make the mistake of endorsing Mr. Paxton Hibben’s biography of Beecher.

Dr. Cadman prides himself on his standing as a “liberal-conservative”, but there are some things that he cannot accept. One was “Elmer Gantry”. Another is what he conceives to be the philosophy of H. L. Mencken and “his ghoulish crew”. He feels that college students are in grave peril from exposure to Mr. Mencken’s prejudices. The conservative side of his nature was emphasized also, when some one asked him about the modern girl with her improper clothing,

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dubious morals, and other peculiarities. He felt that reports of her sins had been exaggerated, but confessed a preference for the girl of the Victorian era:

"She knew the advantages of a retiring modesty. Far from wasting her sweetness on the desert air, she inspired the desire to cherish and protect in the hearts of many admirers, and in time became an excellent mother of excellent children.

"After all is said and done, there is no business in the world half so fine as running a home. . . . Women in business are all right, but don't let them forget, in the rush and whirl of commerce, that their chief function is to bear and raise children who will prove a credit to their wise and loving discipline".

It may appear, from all this, that Dr. Cadman falls short in spirituality. But this, I am sure, is more apparent than real, and he makes up for it, at all events, in quantities of horse sense. When the accounts are balanced, he will, beyond question, receive as much credit for his tremendous energy and industry as any cleric in history. For he is, I think, a symptom of an age in which men turn from mysticism and demand information. They ask a "yes or no" form of answer to their questions of the soul and the hereafter, and they insist that the ecclesiastical witness must answer promptly and with conviction or be held in general contempt.

A collection of Dr. Cadman's lectures published in 1924 made it clear that he is often troubled by thoughts that men are denying their God and that religion be-

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comes less vital as the years pass. He is a conspicuous example of the minister who applies worldly inventions to the purposes of the Church, but I should do him a grave injustice were I to give the impression that he believes, as do some among the newer clergy, that Rotary, and service, and the radio can take the place of worship in houses dedicated to God. He declines to speak over the radio at an hour when services are being held. He insists that church-going is essential to real religion.



A GRAND - STAND JUDGE



THE BATTLE OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN, ACCORDING TO Rhodes' history of the Civil War period, is generally considered by military experts to have been the one blunder in the drive of General Sherman from Chattanooga to Atlanta. The engagement took place on the morning of June 27, 1864, and was a foolhardy and futile attempt to storm the mountain where the strongly entrenched Confederate forces were blocking the march through Georgia. Sherman was thrown back, lost three thousand men, and later explained that it had been a "moral victory". Eventually, of course, Kenesaw Mountain was taken by a flank movement and the Union commander continued on through Atlanta and to the sea.

The unfortunate battle of June twenty-seventh has been but lightly touched upon by many Northern historians. It might actually by now be entirely forgotten had not one of the participants been Dr. Abraham H. Landis, an assistant surgeon in the Thirty-fifth Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Doctor Landis, while performing an amputation on the battlefield, was struck by a twelve-pound cannon ball, luckily almost spent. About two years later he limped out of a hospital and went to his home at Millville, Ohio. There, in due time, he became the father of a son—his sixth child, but entitled

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to distinction for being the first since the War. After a heated family debate the soldier-surgeon named him Kenesaw Mountain Landis. Thus was the blunder of General Sherman immortalized.

It is inconceivable—artistically, at least—that an infant christened to commemorate a battle should become anything but a singular, even fantastic, figure in American life. And it is one of the rare perfections of reality that now, after sixty years, the face of Kenesaw Mountain Landis is almost as familiar to the public as that of Charlie Chaplin. Its angular contours, topped by a shock of hair as white as the locks of David Belasco, are seldom absent for long from the rotogravure sections or the tabloids. For the last eight years Judge Landis has been High Commissioner of Baseball with autocratic powers over recalcitrant ball teams, managers, and players. He hands down decisions upon such matters as the ethics of the spitball, barnstorming trips by Babe Ruth, and the degree to which umpires are in peril if soda pop is sold to the sporting public in glass bottles.

Landis first put on the black robes of judicial office when, in 1905, he was appointed to the bench of the United States District Court at Chicago. Two years later he gained national and even international fame by fining the Standard Oil Company of Indiana \$29,240,000 for accepting freight rebates. In all the seventeen years he was on the bench, although a few carping critics say he waited eagerly for the opportunity, Landis was never able to duplicate this magnificent judicial decision. It landed him on the front pages for days and formed a background for everything he was destined to

A Grand-Stand Judge

do or say. Eventually, the higher courts found that he had made a number of reversible errors, and the Standard Oil never paid a nickel for its sins.

The courts were destined, from that time on, to reverse him with startling frequency; so much so that he once struck back at the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Northern District of Illinois by calling it the "Department of Chemistry and Microscopy". But now those unhappy days are over. As Czar of Baseball at \$65,000 a year, his word is final. Ball players shift their chewing tobacco nervously when Judge Landis casts his piercing eye in their direction. There is no appeal from what he says, and he can fine them any sum they happen to have, suspend them indefinitely from the joys and profits of the diamond, or hurl them into the oblivion of working for a living.

During the years of his judgeship in Chicago Landis became a symbol to the general public for all that was good and noble, honest and wise. It did not matter that his decisions were so often reversed; somehow the reversals were seldom given prominence in the newspapers. Few residents of the city that sprawls by Lake Michigan listened to grumbling by a few members of the Bar that Landis was not learned in the law, that he wasted time in court, often treated them with scant respect, and invariably played to the gallery. He grew gradually to be an object of local civic pride—like the stockyards. Visitors to the city were taken to see him in action on the bench, and rarely missed a performance long to be remembered. Somehow, when Landis turned the crank, the mill of justice never failed to produce

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some dazed unfortunate who had stolen a few postage stamps, a wealthy bootlegger, or a bankrupt whose wife, seated in the courtroom, was covered with jewelry. It was then that he blandly ignored the law in the interest of what he conceived to be justice. The postal thief quite likely would be set free or fined one cent. The bootlegger—for Landis was an ardent prohibitionist—went summarily to jail for the maximum term. The bankrupt's wife was stripped of her baubles in court in behalf of her husband's creditors.

"My, my! Such a very hard case for me to decide," the Judge drawled one morning as a youth, charged with having stolen a parcel-post package, stood in front of him. Near the boy was a young woman carrying an infant.

"Here's a boy who admits stealing a package of jewelry out of the parcel post," the Court continued. "And here," looking at the young woman, "here's his little wife, just recently a mother and heartsick over the troubles of her husband! What is the right thing for me to do?"

Judge Landis leaned half over the bench and rested his white head on his hands in meditation. Profound silence held the courtroom, broken only by the ticking of a clock on the wall, an ancient timepiece brought from the Judge's boyhood home. The reporters waited expectantly; it was a typical Landis opportunity. Some minutes passed. Then the Judge straightened up and stuck out his jaw.

"Son!" he said. "You go on back home. Take your little wife and your baby and go home! In one month

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come back and tell me how you're getting along. I'll not have that child the child of a convict!"

It was while feminine visitors were drying their eyes after some such touching scene that Landis would relieve the tension with what he considered humor. Unfortunately, the judicial sense of humor was hardly subtle. When a prisoner had been sentenced to jail and was in the hands of a burly marshal, the Judge would order that official to "take him up to Mabel's room"—meaning the detention pen. He liked to sentence minor offenders to "sit in the back row of the courtroom for six hours and repent". He delighted in the exchange of heavy-handed jokes with attendants, attorneys, and reporters.

It was partly in love of practical joking, but also partly a hang-over from his furious war patriotism, that prompted Landis on many occasions to make inquiry regarding the war records of those appearing before him. In 1919, on one of these quests for truth, he demanded the military histories of several attorneys who happened to be wearing wrist watches. These, it was his belief, should be reserved for men in uniform or ex-soldiers. The offending lawyers, upon being cross-examined, admitted that they had served their country from behind the lines.

Judge Landis looked stern. "Enter an order," he told the clerk, "requiring all attorneys wearing wrist watches to notify you what branch of the service they represent."

The newspaper men present grinned at the disconcerted legal lights and dashed out to their typewriters.

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But the Judge's quip, published all over the country, fell somewhat flat. A United States Senator even arose from his seat at the Capitol to denounce it as "a clumsy joke".

"Don't it beat the devil," mused Landis when he heard of the rebuke, "what some Senators will do to pass the time?"

As Booth could dominate a stage, so Landis for years dominated the stuffy courtroom in Chicago. For foot-lights, he had the desk lamp on his bench, so placed that when he thrust forward his shaggy head the sharp angles of his face were cut in silhouette against the gleam. Men stopped to listen when his drawling, back-country voice broke in to question a witness, when he assumed the rôle—as fancy moved him—of prosecutor or defense counsel or technical expert. Sometimes he would lunge far out, shaking a gaunt finger and twisting his face into a fearful contortion. It was thus that he interrogated some evasive unfortunate whom he suspected of perjury and reduced the man to a nervous wreck.

When Landis presided as Judge of the Federal Court he was the star of his show. His name appeared in larger type than that of any other performer. A curtain seemed slowly to rise as court was convened. The district attorney, the expensive lawyer, and the prisoner at the bar all stepped hastily into the wings, for the star wished to tread the boards alone. An excellent actor of the old school, Judge Landis had one vast advantage over all other actors—every performance was for him a first night. The critics were always in

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their seats at the press table. Greatest blessing of all, delirious dream of the dramatic profession, they were invariably friendly critics, for otherwise they faced jail for contempt of court.

"His career," wrote Heywood Broun profoundly of Landis some years ago, "typifies the heights to which dramatic talent may carry a man in America if only he has the foresight not to go on the stage."

II

Except for the shrewd wisdom assuring his subconscious of the publicity value of the histrionic, Kenesaw Mountain Landis has lived by emotion rather than reason in almost everything he has done. The distinction is important, for by any rule of reason his life has been a confused tangle of notions, prejudices, enthusiasms, and contradictions. In his early years he was a Democrat, because by being so he could serve a politician who had been his father's commanding officer in the Civil War. Having later joined the machine Republicans of Illinois, he eventually shifted his allegiance to the Bull Moose rebels—not because he was much of a Progressive, but because Roosevelt's furious protestations appealed to him. Emotion—a factor not recognized in law and therefore a leading cause of his frequent reversals by the higher courts—sat with him on the bench in Chicago.

After a decade or so, it would seem, the emotional outlook had become a habit beyond control. On the bench, for instance, Landis' salary was only \$7,500 a year and, in common with the rest of the honest federal

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judges, he had constantly been worried by financial problems. It is no secret that the offer in 1920 of \$50,000 from organized baseball was alluring chiefly from a pecuniary point of view. If it had not been for the salary attached to the position of Supreme Umpire it is almost certain that he would have declined the job. In accepting it, however, he said little about this feature but rejoiced publicly that through his act the small boys of the nation would be able to keep steadfast their faith in the great national game.

While considering the proposition, he later explained, he attended a ball game with his son, Reed G. Landis. Together father and son grew sentimental. Reed pleaded with his father to accept so that "the old game" might not be taken away from "the millions of little kids made happy by baseball".

"I had been thinking about the game in that light for forty years," concluded the Judge, "and I expect to think of it in that light forty years more. The money means little when the spirit of the game is thought of."

III

Born on November 20, 1866, the boy named Kene-saw Mountain grew up according to the approved pattern for youths destined to greatness in America. His father, again a country doctor after the glories of war, was having difficulty collecting enough bills to feed and educate his large family. "Kennie" attended the public schools of Logansport, Indiana, where his family had moved soon after he was born. Before school he delivered papers and after hours did odd jobs. In the

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summer he worked on nearby farms. For a time he was a reporter for the local newspaper and first came into contact with the legal process when he mastered the mysteries of shorthand and qualified as a court stenographer. The trade of lawyer appealed to him and in 1891 he was graduated from the Union College Law School of Chicago.

It was in those years that the United States was beginning to feel its oats as a world power. It was anxious to convince the rest of creation that it was no longer a frontier country, with Indians ready to swoop down on Manhattan from Yonkers, but almost civilized. It failed to appreciate Rudyard Kipling's fascinated enthusiasm for the new nation, as later expressed in his "American Notes", because the English visitor had presumed to hold his breath and pray fervently when crossing some of the rickety railroad trestles in the West. The United States, then, was slightly arrogant toward its South American neighbors and was expressing its ego in a highly developed jingo streak. The youthful Landis lived in the official midst of all this, serving as personal aide to Secretary of State Walter Q. Gresham in the second administration of Grover Cleveland. Gresham had been Colonel of the regiment in which Landis *père* had fought and bled.

The Department of State, the young aide found, took itself very seriously. Its underlings referred to it as the "Foreign Office", wore cutaways when there was the slightest excuse, and talked down their noses to the clerks of the Post Office, the Army, and the Navy bureaucracies. Fresh from the Middle West, Landis

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typified an entirely opposite school of American thought—that which professed to believe that virtue lay in being poorly dressed, in near illiteracy, and honest poverty. He was given considerable authority by Secretary Gresham, and proceeded to make life miserable for the exquisites of the "Foreign Office" by shuffling around in baggy trousers and an ancient hat. He was a plain man whose very lack of ostentation was ostentatious. Sometime afterwards it was said of him that, "he tried to treat a rich man with all the respect that he did a poor one". The period marked the budding of the actor that Landis was destined to become, but he was not yet skilled in the art and he overplayed the rôle. He even uttered homely bromides about the benefits of hard work.

"Necessity," he is said to have been fond of declaring, "is a great teacher."

A year or so later President Cleveland offered him the post of Minister to Venezuela; but Landis had no intention of playing to so obscure and distant an audience. He went back to Chicago and resumed the practice of law with moderate success. Meanwhile a young veteran of the Spanish-American war, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, had been making a name for himself by a liberalism that was little short of startling. Landis was building up his practice when Roosevelt, supposed to have been safely shelved in the Vice-Presidency, became President through the assassination of McKinley. The Chicago lawyer was soon a devoted follower of the man who had a gift for the dramatic greater even than his own. Soon after taking office, it is related, Presi-

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dent Roosevelt went to Chicago and was accorded the usual enthusiastic reception in the streets. As the presidential carriage rolled down Michigan Avenue, the story goes on, a young man, whose hair was already beginning to whiten, rushed out from the crowd and waved an American flag in front of the Chief Executive. In 1905 this demonstrative spectator was appointed by the President to the federal bench in Chicago.

No one suggests, of course, that there is any connection between the two incidents. Landis was elevated to the office in the routine way, through the indorsement of the Illinois Republican organization. Certainly Roosevelt, when he signed the appointment, did not recall the excited pedestrian who had jumped up and down with a flag in the streets of Chicago. It was not long, however, before Judge Landis brought himself very forcibly to the attention of the White House. In April of 1907, acting under orders from Roosevelt, the Attorney General brought action against the Standard Oil Company of Indiana for accepting rebates from the Chicago and Alton Railway. The case was called for trial in the United States District Court in Chicago, and Landis, only forty-one years old and one of the youngest judges on the bench, presided. In a few days the New York newspapers were rushing their staff men to cover the sessions, for the Court had demanded the appearance of John D. Rockefeller and other notable oil men. The Rockefeller attorneys protested in vain that their client had no knowledge of the affairs of the Indiana company. In due time Rockefeller went on the stand, and the Government made every effort to prove that

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the company on trial was controlled in New York.

In August the jury found for conviction. Judge Landis took several days to deliberate on the size of the fine to be imposed and then staggered the financial world by announcing, while the crowds in the courtroom applauded, the sum of \$29,240,000. It was the largest fine in history. The next day, known throughout the country, Landis was hailed as the judge without fear. The New York *World* called his decision "a great event in American political and financial history". He was stopped in the streets of Chicago to be congratulated and was praised as Roosevelt's greatest ally in the "Big Stick" campaign against the trusts. All this delighted him, but he expressed indignation when it was suggested that he run for President.

"To think that I would accept political preferment as a reward for what I have done on the bench," he said, "is to impeach my integrity as a judge and my honor as a man."

In July of 1908 the Circuit Court of Appeals, in a decision which took Landis severely to task, revoked the \$29,240,000 penalty and ordered a new trial for the Standard Oil. It was never held. The nation had been rocked by the panic of the fall of 1907, and Roosevelt was soon to go out of office.

IV

During the decade that followed Judge Landis was comparatively quiet. His hair grew snow-white and his reputation for wisdom increased accordingly. The Standard Oil fine was still remembered, but for the most

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part his flourishes in the courtroom were chiefly of local interest, and the press associations mentioned him less and less. With the entrance of the United States into the World War in 1917 he again flashed into national prominence, however. He began to typify a country mad with patriotism, and once again his reasoning powers were submerged by waves of emotion. Few men have been as zealous in the suppression of minorities, and his charges to juries were dangerously similar to patriotic addresses.

But in time of war almost anything is possible, and this fire-eater was permitted to sit in judgment upon men charged with disloyalty and conspiracy against the Government. Even if Judge Landis had been the essence of keen, cold intellect instead of a bundle of emotions, it is doubtful whether he could have been impartial. For one thing, his cherished son was flying with the A. E. F. in France, and he lived in constant dread of a telegram announcing that the boy had been killed.

The first wartime defendants to be tried before him were several score of stupid and confused members of the I. W. W. forces, gathered in by energetic agents of the Department of Justice. Even Landis felt sorry for some of them, admitted them to bail, and did what he could to make their lot easier. He felt that, at the worst, they were ineffectual and rather absurd. But he did not protest, in the name of justice, when a brass band that was whooping up the citizenry for the Liberty Loan blared unceasingly under the rotunda of the Post Office Building where his courtroom was located. Sometimes the patriotic music was so loud that witnesses could

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scarcely be heard. The chances of men on trial for sedition were slim indeed under such conditions. And upon the inevitable verdicts of guilty, Judge Landis sent the bewildered defendants to Leavenworth Prison for maximum terms. If he had a measure of contemptuous sympathy for the Wobblies, he hated and even feared the Socialists, more intelligent and, therefore, dangerous. When Congressman Victor L. Berger and four other leaders of the National Socialist party were so unfortunate as to be tried before him on similar charges, Judge Landis found it difficult to maintain even a wartime semblance of justice in the proceedings. After these defendants, too, had been convicted he imposed ten-to-twenty-year terms in prison—again the largest penalties possible under the law.

“It was my great disappointment,” he said in an address before the American Legion some months afterward, “to give Berger only twenty years in Leavenworth. I believe the law should have enabled me to have had Berger lined up against a wall and shot.”

Most of the I. W. W. defendants and all of the five Socialists were later liberated by the higher courts. In the latter trial Landis was specifically held to have been prejudiced against the accused men.

It should, perhaps, be said in his behalf that he was no worse than the majority of his fellow citizens and certainly not the only jurist in the United States who did his bit from the bench to help the boys in France. The people of Chicago approved heartily of his conduct, and by Armistice Day he had become a sort of Windy City Solomon. A kindly man, except when torn by

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patriotism, he could not refuse to listen in chambers to the private quarrels of citizens who came to him. And it is to his credit that by doing so he prevented many a long and expensive lawsuit. These activities as arbiter were, incidentally, excellent preparation for the work he was destined shortly to do in saving from destruction the game of baseball.

Judge Landis had first come into contact with baseball officially when the independent Federal League sought in 1916 to bring action under the Sherman anti-trust law against the existing big leagues. Landis heard the case and dismissed the action, remarking in his opinion that the "Court's expert knowledge of baseball, obtained by more than thirty years of observation of the game," convinced him that the suit would have been "if not destructive, at least vitally injurious to the game".

Landis' claim that he had long been a student of baseball was no mere boast. For years, aside from fishing, it had been his favorite hobby. He had often been photographed attending crucial games. In 1920 the faith of the nation in the game was shattered when it developed that the World Series of the year before had been a fraud and that a half dozen players had been led astray by the gambling interests. There had been rumors, before, that all was not well, but this was the first irrefutable proof of dishonesty. The outcry was agonized and long. Editorial writers took cognizance of the gravity of the situation. Sporting writers throughout the country demanded that something be done.

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Eventually even the baseball magnates were disturbed, since it seemed as though the gate receipts might fall off. Finally some one suggested that a Czar of Baseball, with complete control over every department of the industry, be appointed. William Howard Taft was nominated and then "Big Bill" Edwards, famous as a Princeton sportsman. But the baseball owners reacted most favorably to the name of Kenesaw Mountain Landis. They had come into contact with him during the Federal League litigation. They recalled the Standard Oil fine and his talent for publicity. They knew of his great reputation for wisdom and honesty. So they offered him the job at \$50,000 a year, promised to do without question whatever he ordered, and told him to reestablish the game.

It is an open secret that they wished him to remain on the bench, knowing Federal Judge Landis to be more impressive than Landis, former Judge. For two years he held both jobs, despite a flood of criticism from Congress, the press, and the American Bar Association. Then, after even impeachment had been discussed, he resigned from the bench with the explanation that he had not the time for his numerous duties.

V

In his private life Judge Landis has many of the characteristics of the small-town squire. As a judge he loved to be recognized in the street and congratulated for some decision. He still likes to be called upon to attend banquets, sit at the speakers' tables and make an address. He has recently taken up golf, another outlet

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for profanity—in which art he is said to be more profuse than original.

Judge Landis makes no secret of his eccentricities, nor does he object to being photographed in weird poses, such as eating “hot dogs” in the grand stand or yelping for home runs. He has always been enough of a publicist to know that a good story about him is worth columns of dignified editorial praise. One of the stories he enjoys telling upon himself, which may prove that the incident never happened, concerns a slippery night when he was bound for the opera with Mrs. Landis. The pavements outside of the opera house were very treacherous and the Judge was exceedingly apprehensive that his wife might fall. Just as she got out of the cab he warned her, but a second too late. He lunged for her arm and with difficulty held her up.

“Look out, darling!” he burst out in exasperation. “You’ll break your goddam neck!”

He thoroughly relished his job as judge of the federal court; more, probably, than he does his present more lucrative one. Now he presides over meetings that are customarily held behind doors. Then he ruled in the open and gloried in the bowing and scraping of those summoned to his courtroom. He liked to strut through the corridors in his robes of office, to march into the dingy restaurant and have the waitress scream: “Swiss on rye and milk the cow for the government!” while all the other lunchers stopped eating to watch.

When, in 1922, he resigned from the bench, his last day in court provided an outlet for a sentimental orgy unparalleled in the annals of the judiciary or the stage.

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He almost wept as the spectators stood for the last time while he pulled his gown about him and court was adjourned at the end of the day. Back in his chambers, he held a reception. Old attendants, clerks and stenographers who had served him for seventeen years came in to tell him what a great man he was. The newspaper men detailed to the courthouse called in a body and handed him a testimonial done on parchment. Most of them suspected that he was nine-tenths hokum. Many, having first seen him as cub reporters, had learned from him their first lesson in disillusionment. But all were fond of him and wished him well now that he was to devote all of his time to baseball. Judge Landis looked at them and then around his chambers. Workmen were carting out his personal possessions, among them the propellers of his son's wartime airplane. It was then that his mask dropped away.

"Oh, Hell!" he burst out. "What can I say to you fellows? These people come in and say I'm a great man. But I know you fellows made me. You printed stuff about me and that's the reason I've got a fifty-thousand-dollar job now. I don't kid myself."

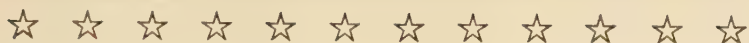
On the whole he has been successful as the first of the American Romanoffs. Most of the sporting writers are his ardent supporters. He was reelected for another seven-year term two years ago and his salary was boosted to \$65,000 despite grumbling from some of the magnates that he had been more of an autocrat than any one had intended. The Judge has been subjected to considerable unfavorable criticism since his pay was raised. This arose from his precipitate action, shortly

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afterwards, in making public apparently uncorroborated charges against Cobb and Speaker, two revered figures of baseball who had retired from the game some months previous. Many fans said that Landis should have waited for proof; some went as far as to insinuate that he had been less than judicial. An editorial in the *World* remarked that—"the 'Czar' who is paid \$65,000 a year to keep baseball 'clean' has only succeeded in smearing it up with muck". But all of this, it is likely, will be forgotten and the Judge will return to high favor when Babe Ruth starts hitting home runs in the spring.



HIS MASTERS' VOICE



BACK IN THE OCCASIONALLY LAMENTED DAYS WHEN THE Democratic party still spurned the tainted gold of Wall Street for the honest coppers of humble folk, and Calvin Coolidge was but the strong and silent city solicitor of Northampton, a press agent was a gentleman who wore a checked suit, patent-leather shoes, possibly spats, a brown derby and yellow gloves. He breezed into town ten days ahead of the circus or the ten-twenty'-thirt' show, bought the editor a few drinks, told an unprintable story or two, and received, in due time, a column of free puff.

Ivy Ledbetter Lee, who writes blurbs about the activities of such great American institutions as John D. Rockefeller (Senior and Junior), the Standard Oil Company, Charles M. Schwab, the Bethlehem Steel Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad—and others which he declines to divulge—is quite another type. Gone are the yellow gloves, the derby and the gaudy suit. Mr. Lee dresses with the conservatism of any well-to-do American. His hobby is cathedrals, a taste acquired like that for olives, since at first they bored him. He is said to be one of the few men in New York who can keep millionaires cooling their heels in his ante-room. Diligent skeptics report, however, that they have seldom seen millionaires engaged in that lugubrious occupation.

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In the current edition of "Who's Who in America" thirty lines are devoted to Mr. Lee. He is also listed, unlike the gayly dressed pioneers of his profession, in the Social Register. He is a member of the best, the most worthwhile clubs. Among them are the University, the Princeton and the Metropolitan of New York, the Rittenhouse of Philadelphia and the Travelers' of London. But he rarely visits the New York Newspaper Club, to which he also belongs, and where lesser press-agents outnumber reporters in a proportion of three to one. His town house is at 4 East Sixty-sixth street, just two blocks from the exact social center of New York, as determined by scientists in the employ of the Social Register Association: it is in Sixty-eighth street, a few doors east of the Park. Miss Alice Lee, his daughter, was presented at the Court of St. James a year or so ago.

Mr. Lee has a suite of offices at 111 Broadway, a brief stroll from Wall street, the Bankers' Club and the other lairs of the big money boys. When Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., offers the unappreciative Egyptians a museum or the liberal Baptists a church, one of Mr. Lee's secretaries at once telephones all the city editors in New York. He also notifies the Associated Press, the United Press and the other news associations. A statement, the secretary reveals, will be issued at 4 o'clock. At the designated hour, more or less promptly, a dozen reporters arrive. They are received cordially and handed typewritten statements. Are there any questions? If so, Mr. Lee answers them diplomatically. He expresses regret that Mr. Rockefeller is out of town,

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but says that any inquiries will be called to his attention. The reporters stuff the handouts into their pockets, one or two of them protesting *sotto voce* against the rôle of messenger boy, and leave. Mr. Lee has told them no funny stories, and offered them no drinks. But he will, that afternoon and the next morning, receive his column or two of free space.

Ivy Ledbetter Lee, however, is not and never has been what the world considers a press agent. The most confirmed realist would call him, at the least, a publicity agent. He prefers, himself, to be termed a public relations counsel and he believes his work to be connected, if vaguely, with the public good. His contribution to civilization is that, as Mr. Arthur Brisbane once put it, "he interprets his client to the public and the public to his client". It is twenty years now since, seeing no future in newspaper work, he convinced the Pennsylvania Railroad that its locomotives would run more smoothly, its employees would be more contented and larger dividends would be earned if its activities were properly interpreted to the public. Those were the days when threats of government ownership were beginning to disturb the sleep of railroad presidents as they tossed in their private cars. Bitterly, but belatedly, they were beginning to deplore the unfortunate frankness of the public-be-damned theory of railroad operation. Mr. Lee suggested to them that he could do much for them in the line of constructive work.

Moreover, he added, it also lay in his power to explain the mind of the public to the railroad. What Mr. Lee meant by this was that he could explain the nature and

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peculiarities of the newspapers. As the century began, newspapers were very much of a mystery to Big Business. Either they were harmless and polite, the type that the New York *Herald Tribune* is to-day, or they had the scent of bloodhounds and the disposition of public executioners. The *World* was one of this second class. Big Business, to be safe, avoided all newspapers. It fled, panting and heavily, from their reporters.

On one occasion the late J. P. Morgan was returning from Europe. His trip had been solely for pleasure and he was out of touch with the financial situation. Had he been more sophisticated in matters of publicity, he would have chatted pleasantly, being careful to say nothing, to the ship-news men. But Mr. Morgan was taking no chances. He barricaded himself in his state-room, and after a time the ship-news reporters abandoned the chase.

But among the writers who had boarded the vessel at Quarantine was a veteran *Herald* man assigned to the specific task of interviewing Mr. Morgan. After the financier had retired to his cabin the veteran slipped a card under the door. Presently Mr. Morgan poked out his head. He declared, with some heat, that he had told the ship-news men that he had nothing to say. Nothing!

"I was not with the ship-news men," said the *Herald* representative quietly. "If you don't wish to talk it is quite satisfactory to me. I was assigned to see you and I sent in my card to make certain. Good day!"

The door opened more widely. Mr. Morgan emerged, apparently astonished that a reporter could also be a

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gentleman. For several minutes, then, he conversed affably. To-morrow, he said, he would again be conversant with affairs and would be glad to see a man from the *Herald*. The two shook hands. A slightly dazed financier again retired.

It was this state of mind, this combination of contempt for reporters and terror of newspapers, that furnished fertile soil for the growth of Mr. Lee and his imitators. The talents of the publicity agent are many. Not the least amazing, to the innocent business man, is his ability to predict the manner in which a speech or a public statement will be featured in the newspapers. He can forecast with uncanny accuracy whether it will get on the front pages and what the editorial comment will be. He can even guess at the size of the headlines. This clairvoyance is possessed, of course, by any good newspaper copy reader.

But of even greater importance are his services during that journalistic atrocity, the mass interview. Sooner or later every public figure must face it. When it is necessary, Mr. Lee is present to hold the hand of his client. A formal statement is prepared in advance. The reporters are presented to the great man about to be interviewed, not as hungry sensation-hunters but as gentlemen—even as equals. But the mass interview remains a silly institution, for when any large group begins to hurl questions the net result is bound to be very little information. Some jackass from the tabloids invariably asks Joseph Conrad for his wife's favorite recipe, the Prince of Wales whether he still deserts his mounts, and the Crown Prince of Sweden whether he

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believes in Swedish massage. The efforts of the more intelligent newspaper men present are buried under the avalanche of imbecility. If the interview is aboard ship the photographers crowd up and snap twenty-eight shots apiece.

During all this confusion the public relations counsel is calm, smooth and efficient. He coughs when an embarrassing question is asked and his client smiles politely, regretting that some matters, really, are confidential. When the barrage of tabloid idiocy begins he turns it off with a joke or two. After the ceremony is over the reporters find that they have little to print but the statement handed them at the beginning of the session. This prepared statement, crudely called "canned", is to the press agent what gasoline is to a filling-station. By means of it he can place the desired emphasis on what his client is saying. It enables him to capitalize the laziness which newspaper men share with the rest of the human race. His story assured, the reporter is reluctant to exert his mind by asking unfortunate questions.

One afternoon a year or so ago the city editor of a New York morning paper received word that a statement was to be issued at the offices of Ivy L. Lee and Associates. He despatched one of his bright young men. In an hour or two the reporter returned. Was it, the city editor wanted to know, a good story? What was it all about?

"Oh!" said the seeker after news, hauling a sheet of flimsy out of his pocket and handing it over. "I don't know. I haven't read it yet."

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II

A decade or so after the Civil War there lived in the small village of Cedartown, Georgia, a Methodist clergyman by the name of James Wideman Lee. He seems to have been a gentleman of unusual talents, a preacher of a distinction seldom found under the hot sun of the Cracker State. Although not of the sainted Virginia Lees, both he and his wife, who had been Eufala Ledbetter, came of excellent stock. When, in 1877, a first son was born to them, they named him Ivy, after the clergyman's uncle. The Rev. Mr. Lee prospered in his work for the Lord. In due time he became pastor of Trinity Church in Atlanta, the largest and most influential Methodist establishment in the South. For a time, also, he had a parish in St. Louis.

Young Ivy Lee attended the schools in Atlanta and St. Louis and then was sent to Emory College at Oxford, Ga., his father's *alma mater*. Emory was then a small, more or less educational, institution of the Methodist persuasion, favored by ministers for their sons. Since those days it has prospered under the patronage of Asa G. Candler, the Coca Cola King. Now it is Emory University, has an endowment of well over \$1,000,000 and is located in the outskirts of Atlanta. Ivy remained at Emory for but two years. The Rev. Mr. Lee was eager to have him study in the North, and so, for his junior and senior years, he was at Princeton.

Ivy had a happy boyhood. The walls of his father's

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home were lined with books, and the son was encouraged to cherish and know them. Atlanta had not yet been stirred by Rotary, and no Chamber of Commerce sought noisily to make it the metropolis of the South. It was still content to slumber through the long Summers, its streets fragrant with the honeysuckle that climbed the fences of its old houses. Not far from the Lee rectory lived a shy old gentleman named Joel Chandler Harris. He had been, in happier pre-war days, a plantation neighbor to the Lees. Ivy often, as a boy and a young man, visited the home of Mr. Harris. In 1908, already rising in his chosen profession of public relations expert, he found time to return to Atlanta and write a book which was a labor of love. It was "Memories of Uncle Remus." Only a small edition was published, for private circulation among the friends of the old gentleman.

Members of the Georgia Lee family, pointing with pride to the career of their most eminent member, recall that Pastor Lee had a habit of reading newspapers with great care, of making voluminous clippings, and of sending them to people he believed might be interested. He was also, it is said, a very energetic correspondent. He wrote to his friends on every conceivable subject. He expressed in his letters his own opinions and asked for their opinions in return. In his later years he went abroad and during the course of the journey wrote at least one letter to every single member of his congregation.

Thus, the Lee family explains, Ivy inherited his taste for spreading ideas broadcast. And thus, too, he in-

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herited his taste for an extensive correspondence. But instead of letters written in the courtly handwriting of the old school, his modern epistles are in many cases in printed form and sent out by the thousand. Instead of going to the members of a country congregation they go to business and civic leaders, to editors and government officials, and to all other men who control public thought or who are possible clients. And the newspaper clippings, once cut by hand, are now assembled on a printed sheet headed "Information" and mailed from time to time from the offices of Ivy L. Lee and Associates.

The Ivy Lee clip-sheet "may be used as desired by those who receive it", according to an announcement that always appears in the upper right-hand corner. Newspaper editors, seeking filler material, are among those particularly welcome to it. By a strange coincidence many of the items concern corporations and individuals who are clients of Mr. Lee. The Bethlehem Steel Company is mentioned in one issue. F. Edson White, president of Armour & Company, is also quoted. In another issue Charlie Schwab, for whom Mr. Lee writes speeches, has a paragraph devoted to him. In still another issue the Copper and Brass Research Association expresses optimism about copper. One week's clip-sheet points out that the miners, refusing to arbitrate, were responsible for a hard coal strike. "Carriers in Better Favor With the Public" is the heading on another article—and then it is recalled that Mr. Lee works also for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

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III

The young man destined to become publicly the voice of many great corporations (and secretly the voice of perhaps as many more) was in 1898 graduated from Princeton as a bachelor of arts. So excellent was his standing that he was awarded a small scholarship. With it he sought further learning and for that purpose went to Harvard. There, for several months, he studied law. But his funds did not last, and soon he was found on Park Row, a cub reporter on the New York *Journal*, then a morning paper. Probably it is just as well that he did not go further in Blackstone. At all events, he now has small use for the legal mind, believing, as he once said, that "whenever a lawyer starts to talk to the public, he shuts out the light".

Mr. Lee advises his clients to avoid legal obscurities. He urged, in a recent address, the use by public utilities companies and others of language that the people could understand, and he held up Billy Sunday as a model. What Mr. Sunday "has done for religion", he said, would be an excellent thing for the railroads to attempt for business. "Billy Sunday," he continued, "speaks the language of the man who rides on the trolley-car, who chews gum and who spits tobacco juice. The people know Billy Sunday and he knows them. He goes to the heart of a subject."

Ivy was a competent but not a brilliant reporter. He left the *Journal*, after a time, and worked successively on the *Times* and the *World*. The stars of his day report that he did not, at least not often, get really big

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stories to handle. But he had one characteristic that few of them possessed. Most of them despised the prominent men whose virtues and vices were first page stuff, but not Ivy. The energy of the stars began to wane, their facility of expression to die. They drifted out into other professions or remained to rot on copy desks. Ivy, meanwhile, was cultivating acquaintances. He never failed to impress his personality and his talents upon the consciousness of the great and good men he met in gathering news.

By 1903, five years out of college, he found progress in journalism too slow. With uncommon vision he began to see the possibilities of press agency as applied to Big Business. Within the next few years, he became spokesman for several corporations and began to dabble in political publicity, though the latter was not to his liking. The years of his greatest growth were from 1906 to 1914. During them he went to work for the Pennsylvania Railroad. Despite an interruption during which he traveled abroad for a Wall Street house, he was, by 1914, an executive assistant on the staff of the road. He was living in Philadelphia by that time and looming large as an influential citizen. Public speaking was one of his diversions—and also furnished him opportunities for spreading his ideas about salubrious publicity. Many of his addresses he has since caused to be published and they are illuminating documents. In May, 1914, for instance, he warned a gathering of railroad men that they were “in the midst of a swirling flood of legislation and regulation”. He deplored the carelessness of certain officials in fighting the Full

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Crew Law. If, he suggested, this obnoxious statute were only called the Extra Crew Law the public would swiftly grasp the unfair burden that it had placed upon the railroads in the name, but falsely, of safety. He deprecated, also, the custom of using the phrase "all the traffic will bear" in discussing freight rates. "We can never", he said in concluding the lesson, "be too careful in the terms we use".

It was in this same year, 1914, that the younger Mr. Rockefeller began to feel acutely uncomfortable under the bludgeonings of public reviling. His father, who had retired fifteen years before, had been protected by a thicker skin. Mr. Rockefeller, Sr., had blandly ignored the attack of the once militant Ida Tarbell, knowing, perhaps, that he would live to see the day when she would write a gushing eulogy of the late Judge Elbert H. Gary. But Mr. Rockefeller, Sr., had turned his affairs over to his serious and more sensitive son, and was busy with golf and the collection of bright new dimes for future distribution.

The immediate cause of Mr. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, discomfort was the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company strike. Ugly rumors were abroad concerning this dispute. There were charges, later admitted to be true, that the company in which Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., was a director and in which the House of Rockefeller held \$24,000,000 in stocks and bonds had paid the wages of the State militia, used to put down the strikers. Reports from the field were that the latter were living in tents and starving. The climax came when twenty were killed at Ludlow, Col., in a brawl with armed guards.

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All of this might not have disturbed the builder of Standard Oil. But it troubled the more squeamish John D., Jr. He sought advice from his friends. They all recalled that "a young fellow with the Pennsylvania" was doing some fine work. They knew about his ideas, they said, because they received his form letters. Good, sound, constructive ideas! It was thus that the House of Rockefeller "took the public into its confidence". Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., decided suddenly that publicity paid. He described his change of heart during his testimony, some months later, before the Commission on Industrial Relations, of which Frank P. Walsh was chairman. An investigation of the Colorado strike was in progress.

"MR. ROCKEFELLER: When this situation developed last year, finding that it was difficult to get the facts before the public, I personally took pains to inquire who could assist us in what I believed an important public work. After careful inquiry I was told of Mr. Lee, and asked him if he could undertake to assist the operators' committee and ourselves in the matter of properly presenting the facts in the situation."

Mr. Rockefeller testified that Mr. Lee, graciously lent for a time by the Pennsylvania Railroad, had been paid \$1,000 a month for his services. The funds came out of the pocket of Mr. Rockefeller, Sr., "as a contribution to the general public situation". A day or two after the testimony by his new employer, Mr. Lee was also called as a witness. He said that Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., had summoned him to discuss the evils of the hour in May, 1914.

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For several hours Mr. Lee answered questions regarding his services to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. He had suggested, he said, a policy of "absolute frankness". The best way in which to educate the public, he had told the operators, was to issue a series of bulletins containing the facts of the situation and mail them to a list of prominent people and to the newspapers, particularly the newspapers. It was these bulletins, written by Mr. Lee in Philadelphia but mailed from Denver to make it appear that they were the offspring of the operators, that later aroused unseemly curiosity on the part of the Commission on Industrial Relations. They also prompted Mr. George Creel—who later was to learn publicity methods on his own account—to write an article for *Harper's Weekly* in November, 1914. This he captioned "Poisoners of Public Opinion" and in it he charged, with high wrath, that the Colorado operators had "neither truth nor any saving instinct of decency".

The coal barons, wrote Mr. Creel, had branded the white-haired Mother Jones a bawdy-house keeper and had caused the slander, through the kindness of a friendly Congressman, to be inserted in the *Congressional Record*. They had published a symposium purporting to give the views of Colorado editors regarding the strike. The editorial opinions, as set forth in this bulletin, were definitely favorable to the companies and hostile to the miners. Ultimately it developed, however, that but fourteen of the 331 editors in Colorado had collaborated on the document and that these fourteen molders of thought were employed by company

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controlled newspapers. One fascinating bulletin assembled by Mr. Lee described the wages paid to certain of the strike leaders. Mother Jones, for example, was declared to be receiving \$42 a day for her agitating. One F. J. Hayes was being paid \$32,000 a year. Later, before the Walsh Commission, Mr. Lee admitted that in all this there was a slight error. Wages which actually covered a year had been made, in compiling the statistics, to cover but nine weeks. Instead of \$32,000, Mr. Hayes had been paid only \$4,052.92 annually.

Cross-examined on this miscalculation, Mr. Lee swore that he deeply regretted it. Undoubtedly, he confessed, it had tended to arouse criticism against their leaders by the rank and file of the laboring men. The error should have been corrected immediately, but had, as a matter of fact, been allowed to stand for three months. In January, after the miners had succumbed to hunger and given up the struggle, a corrected bulletin was sent out. Chairman Walsh asked a great many questions about the bulletins, the manner in which they were written and the source of the so-called facts that they had contained. Mr. Lee's policy of "absolute frankness" had consisted, Chairman Walsh brought out, of disseminating propaganda containing anything and everything that the coal operators in Denver wished the public to believe. The official testimony is again rather interesting:

CHAIRMAN WALSH: Mr. Rockefeller told you to be sure to get the truth?

MR. LEE: Certainly.

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Q. Just detail now what steps you took to ascertain the facts before you wrote any of these articles. Give all of the steps.

A. I had no opportunity, Mr. Chairman, to ascertain the facts from my own point of view. It was their story I was to assist in getting before the public.

Q. And therefore you did not question any fact that was presented to you, any alleged fact, as to its authenticity?

A. Not when presented by Mr. Welborn [Jesse F. Welborn, president of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company] or one of his committee.

Q. Did you make any effort to secure the statements of disinterested persons?

A. I did not.

Q. From the workers themselves or their representatives?

A. I did not.

By COMMISSIONER GARRETSON: Your mission was that of the average publicity agent, was it not, to give the truth as the man you were serving saw it? [*Laughter*].

MR. LEE: That would represent a characterization on your part, Mr. Commissioner. I have tried to tell what happened. As to your characterization, I don't know that I can give an answer.

But all this is ancient history. The story is to be found only in the musty and worm-eaten reports of the Commission on Industrial Relations, which nobody ever reads, and in that scurrilous volume by Upton Sinclair, "The Brass Check", which no one in this great Republic but Mr. Sinclair himself would undertake to publish.

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IV

Meanwhile, Mr. Lee continues to prosper. Only recently Ivy L. Lee and Associates increased their office space. Gifted young men from the New York papers are occasionally added to the staff. But Mr. Lee is not easy to work for. He is nothing if not temperamental. He flies into rages when a statement is prepared without the proper finesse, when terms and phrases are used carelessly. These rages are terrifying but short lived. During them Mr. Lee proclaims loudly that stupidity is the prevalent characteristic of mankind. He pounds upon his desk until the inkwells rattle. But after a short while the storm is over, and then, not infrequently, he begs forgiveness with tears of contrition and Christian brotherhood in his eyes. All that is lacking is the chirping finale of the William Tell overture.

But the newspaper men summoned to his office when an announcement is ready see none of this. To them, Mr. Lee is always a cordial and affable gentleman. He is smooth, but not oily. He never directs that a story must be published in a certain way. He hands out the canned statement, waits for questions, and then suavely terminates the interview. What he offers for publication stands on its worth as news. He uses no personal influence to get space, and boasts that he has not been in a newspaper office four times during the past twenty years.

Why is it then that this amiable gentleman, who provides so many good stories, is so generally disliked by

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newspaper men? Chiefly, I suppose, it is because, like all publicity men, he is a buffer. Not his least important function is to shield his clients. Every reporter who has tried to see old John D., Sr., on his birthday knows this. So does every man who has been assigned to interview the son of the old man. Mr. Lee does not like to admit that he is a buffer. In an address before some teachers of journalism in 1924 he described how, if he were an active newspaper man, he would deal with press agents. He said that he would "insist upon seeing any of the principals" that he wanted to see. He would demand, he told the surprised pedagogues, "first-hand access to any one I thought had any information". The publicity man has "no right to be there" if he is "a barrier against newspaper men getting to the source of information".

At this point, however, Mr. Lee left the realm of imagination and returned to real life. He pointed out that reporters were not entitled to interviews about "any question". This philosophy makes the press agent entirely safe, for he himself is the judge as to whether the question is proper or not. And his judgment is based, not on the news value of what may result from the question, but on the welfare of his client. In the case of the Rockefeller family, it must be apparent, there are few proper questions.

Nor is this "master of public relations counsel" any too finicky about confidential matters between himself and the reporters. When a story is destined for release he makes every effort to have it appear simultaneously in all the newspapers. On the afternoon of February

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25, 1925—the story is still being told in the city rooms—the New York *American* received a tip that Abby Rockefeller, the somewhat turbulent daughter of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was to be married to one David Milton. The engagement, Mr. Hearst's informant stated, was shortly to be announced.

This was obviously a story of the first rank. The engagement of Miss Abby was, in itself, an international matter. But Mr. Milton gave it an added flavor. He was the comparatively impecunious young apprentice attorney who had obtained, for Abby, a suspended sentence when she had been nabbed for the second time by an irreverent traffic patrolman. The city room of the *American* buzzed at the prospect of an old-fashioned beat: "Daughter of Oil King's Son to Wed Humble Speed Case Benefactor."

The reporter assigned to determining the truth of the rumor was a man who had already proved his ability, even although he had not worked in New York for long. He had never heard of Ivy Lee and went, naïvely, to the Rockefeller home. Mrs. Rockefeller was having a reception and could not see the reporter. But she sent a servant with a message, scribbled on the back of a letter. It suggested calling upon Mr. Lee at 111 Broadway.

The *American's* representative, journeying downtown in a taxi-cab, chanced to look at the letter on which Mrs. Rockefeller had written her message. To his surprise he saw that it was from a friend of the family, expressing delight that Abby was to be married to Mr. Milton. This was confirmation enough—the *American's* beat was assured. But the reporter decided to do

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the decent thing and called on Mr. Lee. He told Mr. Lee that the story already was confirmed and that it was an *American* exclusive. But Mr. Lee, to the reporter's horror, said that beats were less than nothing to him. Inasmuch as the fact of the engagement had thus prematurely leaked out, all the newspapers would be notified. At 8 o'clock, he said, a formal statement would be given out at the Rockefeller home. The *American* man's protests were in vain. The next morning the story appeared in all the papers instead of in solitary splendor in the *American*.

The incident did Mr. Lee more harm than that usually astute gentleman is, perhaps, aware. Ugly epithets were applied to him along Park Row, and reporters with important rumors will in the future seek authentication from every other possible source before they see him. It affected in no way, however, his relations with the Rockefellers. Mr. Lee was on hand again when Abby was united in matrimony, and provided alphabetized lists of the dignitaries who attended the ceremony. He was present, also, when Abby sailed on the *Paris* for her honeymoon in France. Again he fraternized with the, this time, suspicious newspaper writers. He told them, in man-to-man fashion, that the bride and groom were extremely nervous. It would be a graceful thing not to demand an interview. Mr. Lee was thus busily performing his duties when Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller, Jr., boarded the vessel. Mr. Rockefeller, unconsciously brushing Mr. Lee aside, smiled jovially, as befitted a man who had just seen his daughter safely married. Then he led the reporters to a cor-

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ner of the deck. The bride and groom faced them, still nervous.

"These gentlemen are your friends," he soothingly told Mr. and Mrs. Milton. A short interview took place. Every one was happy.

Again there was gossip in the city rooms. "He's slipping," some of the more outspoken said. "Didn't John D., Jr., shove him aside when Abby was sailing?"

But that was nonsense. Ivy is not slipping. He is in no danger. He can afford to smile (and does) about foolish theorists who call him a menace, who say that he tells but one side of a story, who growl that he and his kind are breaking down the fine old spirit of better days, when newspaper men went out like the Royal Northwest Mounted and got their facts. Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Schwab, the Standard Oil, the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Bethlehem Steel Company, the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, the Eastern Presidents' Conference, the Copper and Brass Research Association—such are among his publicly known clients. He is close to Otto H. Kahn and assists that eminent patron of the arts from time to time. He is close, also, to Armour & Company, to the Washburn-Crosby Company and to the national association to which most of the manufacturers of cement belong. These he serves in a general advisory capacity, largely with respect to their paid advertising. His staff writes a market letter for Dominick & Dominick, a stock exchange house.

Not all of his work is for financial gain. He often volunteers his services for public causes. He took charge of the publicity for the American Red Cross dur-

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ing the war and did not even receive his expenses. When Bishop Manning, adopting Twentieth Century methods to build a Twelfth Century cathedral, created a large campaign committee, Mr. Lee was among those on it. In this case, though, friction developed, and Mr. Lee subsequently resigned.

It is his proud assertion that he never offers for free publication material that belongs in the advertising columns. In the light of this definite position, and in view of his one-time connection with the cathedral campaign, it is not out of place to examine a document distributed, about two years ago, by the Copper and Brass Research Association. It will be recalled that this organization is one of the more or less publicly acknowledged clients of Mr. Lee.

The article in question was mailed to a large number of newspapers as coming "From the Copper and Brass Research Association". It contained photographs of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and of the choir which sings in that edifice. The reading matter described the beauties of the new church, "built to stand for ages". And then:

"Its walls are of massive masonry, while the roofs and other important metal parts, such as flashings, gutters and downspouts are constructed of copper, a metal whose worthiness has been proved by its centuries of service on churches and cathedrals in England and on the continent. Various water pipes are of brass."

It probably is not necessary to point out that the italics were not provided by Mr. Ivy Ledbetter Lee.



THE FATHER OF PHYSCULTOPATHY



BEING AN IDEALIST AT HEART, WITH WEALTH THAT IS merely accidental, Mr. Bernarr Macfadden may sometimes ponder, like Plato, on the nature of the Perfect State. Many years ago, at a time when he was less sophisticated, he even attempted to bring a Utopia into actual existence and selected a site in New Jersey. He was, however, ahead of his time and the experiment was wrecked when the natives protested against a radical detail of the scheme: the wearing of bloomers by the lady disciples. Now Mr. Macfadden proceeds more slowly, content to build for the future by spreading his ideas through *Physical Culture*, *True Story Magazine*, six other equally novel periodicals and that astonishing daily newspaper, the New York *Evening Graphic*.

Mr. Macfadden's editorial fecundity is so unusual—he has been able to dictate a month's supply of newspaper editorials before going to Europe—that it is not too easy to sift and arrange those of his ideas which relate to the New World awaiting its Messiah. But from even a casual reading of his various journals one concludes that the residents of the Perfect State would be men and women of a physical perfection made apparent by their lack of clothing. They would be devoted to fresh air and exercise, to periodic fasts, to the

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drinking of milk, to fresh vegetables and to meatless menus of the type now offered by the Childs restaurants. The State's government would conduct daily beauty contests, for men as well as for women, the laws of eugenics would be applied to all marriages and doctors advocating vaccination would be shot.

The most extraordinary feature of this Macfadden-esque Eden, though, would be the devotion of its inhabitants to vulgarity and bad taste. They would read, in their *Graphics*, of the marital eccentricities of people living in other worlds. They would gaze with glee upon faked photographs (labeled composographs as a sop to the Macfadden ideals of truth) depicting husbands in pajamas shooting wives in their underwear, wives in their underwear stabbing husbands in pajamas, mulatto girls exposing their pigmentation to juries, prominent New York realtors barking "Woof! Woof!" at young girls, bandits being hanged. Their stomachs would be so strong, no doubt due to their exemplary diet, that they would relish revolting, and highly inaccurate, accounts of men dying in the electric chair. Unsound in mind, sound in body:—such, it would seem, would sum up the followers of Macfadden.

Obviously this State of which he dreams leaves something to be desired as an explanation of the man. Read such of his magazines as *True Story*, *Dream World* and *True Experiences* and you conclude that no publisher before him has so adroitly pandered to the servant girl, bootblack, factory worker public. Examine the files of the *Graphic* and you are aware that other tabloid owners have been extremely conservative in cultivating

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the patronage of sex-starved, scandal-living, even perversion-tainted people. But talk with the man, and with those who have been his associates, and you are forced to conclude that he has slight comprehension of the real effect of his magazines and newspaper. The *Graphic* is more than some of his subordinates can endure and in the past several have protested; to be met with wide-eyed astonishment that anything seems wrong. One man rushed to his desk with a particularly objectionable issue and thrust it in front of his face. Macfadden looked up, puzzled and surprised.

"If you say it's bad, all right," he said, "but I don't see what's the matter with it."

And yet whatever Macfadden's æsthetic blind spots, however he may be an influence cheapening the public taste, it can be said for him that he is sincere in his devotion to physical culture. Having proclaimed himself, in "Who's Who in America", "The founder of Physcultopathy, the science of healing by physical culture methods," he often feels that he does not receive proper credit and has been heard lamenting the nation's ingratitude. Like all zealots he has carried his theories to extremes and has earned the hatred, which he returns with enthusiasm, of the medical profession. Hardly a convention of the American Medical Association fails to consider a resolution viewing him with alarm. The majority of doctors were, however, smugly grading the efficacy of medicines by the vileness of their taste when, in 1898, Macfadden published the first issue of *Physical Culture* and began his onslaughts upon corsets, red-

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flannel underwear, too heavy eating and the peril-of-night-air myth.

In time, perhaps, Macfadden will grow suspicious that his newspaper is less than an ideal paper for the home and may direct its editors to fumigate its pages. He has recently offered the excuse that he seldom gives the *Graphic* his personal attention. He assumes, though, full responsibility for *True Story* and his other magazines and actually believes them "forces for good". Let any one attack them and he strikes back. To compare them, as some have done, not without logic, with the so-called "art" magazines containing non-athletic nudes, enrages him. He thinks they spread to the masses such noble principles as brotherly love, tolerance, rectitude and forgiveness of one's neighbors' sex sins. He is confident that his "true stories" are really true, boasts of the staff of ministers which passes on all manuscripts and treasures 1,000 signed endorsements from other clergymen. One of these—Mr. Macfadden has published some of the more striking in pamphlet form—reads:

"I think the *True Story* a great magazine. In fact, anything that has the stamp of Bernarr Macfadden upon it is helpful, elevating and of God".

But Macfadden is aware, such being the complexities and contradictions that are part of him, that his magazines ride close to the obscenity laws. He was once sentenced to two years in jail for violating the postal conceptions of decency, was saved only by the big heart of President Taft, and no longer takes any chances.

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His attorney now reads all stories, after the ministers have approved them, to make certain that the line of safety has not been crossed.

II

Macfadden's passion for physical culture and antipathy toward the medical profession are understandable enough in the light of the story of his life, a true story no less bizarre than those in his magazines. Now over sixty years old, he is a better specimen than most men of his age. He can walk more rapidly and for greater distances and can lift weights that would tax the hearts of younger men. He still plays a fair game of tennis, preferring to do so in his bare feet so that "a magnetism in the earth" can enter his body. Only his face, which is badly wrinkled, and his hair, growing gray and appearing hardly as luxuriant as of yore, reveal his years. His body is muscular and lean, as he gladly demonstrates by being photographed in the nude in classical poses. These art studies are hung in profusion in the offices of the Macfadden Building on upper Broadway and are often reproduced in *Physical Culture*.

As a boy, however, he was sickly; an heir to the tuberculosis of which his mother had died when he was eleven years old. His father had died when he was five. He was born in drab poverty on a farm near Mill Springs, Mo., in 1868 and before he was twelve had been bound to a farmer in a distant part of the state. He did not rate very high as an agricultural apprentice, partly because of his lack of strength and partly be-

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cause he was troubled by a bad cough which sometimes incapacitated him for days. He somehow heard that it was the opinion of his mates on the farm that he would not live for long and it is easy to imagine the impression this made on his youthful mind. At night, dreams that he was about to die disturbed his sleep. The doctors to whom he hurried were not encouraging. Bernard A. McFadden (he changed his name to Bernarr Macfadden later on because it was more distinctive) did not give up, however. While other boys were dreaming, after the pattern of the American Success Story, of wealth and fame, the youth threatened with consumption strove for health. By the time he was eighteen or nineteen it had come to him in a measure, not because of the skill of doctors but because he had lived a life devoted to fresh air, a sensible diet and exercise. This self-cure seemed a miracle beyond equal, a striking justification for theories then considered absurd. The boy McFadden took pride in the jeers and the taunts of "health crank" which greeted him when he sought to explain his methods.

Farm work had been exceedingly distasteful and he soon went to St. Louis where he obtained employment in a wholesale grocery house and in a bank. To his horror the cough returned, so he hurried back to the farm and remained there until health was definitely his. Then he began a year's vagabondage in which he tramped from town to town and job to job, always obeying the dicta of diet and health. Eventually he became an athletic director at a small Missouri college, was startled to find in its library scores of books on

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health and read all of them. His education had been only fragmentary and the written word made a tremendous impression on him. Increasingly eager to disseminate his physical culture theories, he decided that literature was the best means and wrote a novel which he called "The Athlete's Conquest".

"It's simply terrible," he was assured by a St. Louis publisher. "It's badly written, the grammar is all wrong and the spelling is incorrect."

This was rather a shock and a blow to Bernard McFadden's rapidly growing self-importance, but he was forced to admit that the criticism was just and again became an athletic instructor in order to study spelling, rhetoric and grammar on the side. He rewrote the book and eventually was successful in having it printed. In the meanwhile he had definitely decided to make physical culture, the magic science which had saved his life, his profession. For a time he ran a gymnasium in St. Louis and called himself, upon advice from a friend who had dabbled in Greek, a "Kinetherapist". A year or so later he invented a pulley exercising machine and journeyed to the Chicago's World Fair to sell and demonstrate it. So far had he traveled along the road to health since his boyhood that he was able to compete in wrestling matches and enjoyed a wide reputation in Illinois in the wriggling art.

He had not, though, forgotten the thrill of literary composition and when about twenty-five years old decided to blend gymnastics and writing in happy union. He turned his face toward Boston, knowing that city to be the cultural center of America, but got only as far as

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New York. There, with but \$50 in his pocket, he momentarily went to work as a rubber in a gymnasium and also gave some health lectures through which he received some pleasant, if slightly joshing, newspaper publicity. He had been known for some time as "Professor McFadden", the pedagogical title adopted by pugilists and others who run gymnasia, and felt that he needed a more distinctive name. The woods were full of McFaddens.

"I have never attempted to conceal this," he explains. "I called myself Bernarr Macfadden because the picturesque appealed to me. I wanted something out of the ordinary."

Macfadden—it is but courteous to use the amended name—liked New York and abandoned his intention to go to Boston. He acquired his own studio of health in time and was taking fat men away from his former employer and other competitors. One of these dropped in, one morning, to his atelier to see how the new professor was getting so much business and found half a dozen rotund and perspiring gentlemen prancing, quite naked, around a room and keeping toy balloons in the air by means of their wheezy lungs. Professor Macfadden smiled.

"I first blow the balloons up and then I toss them in the air," he pointed out. "I order these fellows to keep them in the air. It's great exercise. After a half hour of it I give them a shower and rub-down."

His competitor was duly impressed.

"The balloons," Macfadden added, "cost only fifteen cents a gross."

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His prosperity enabled him to exploit his pulley exercising machine and he did this by means of brochures describing its virtues. Later he added health messages to these advertising pamphlets and in time, such being so often the obscure beginnings of great things, *Physical Culture Magazine* took form. The first issues, illustrated with photographs of Macfadden simulating ancient statues, appeared in 1898 and a leading feature was a serialized version of Macfadden's literary brain-child, "The Athlete's Conquest".

The novel is not without interest in connection with the story of Macfadden, for like nearly all first novels it is, unless I am greatly mistaken, largely autobiographical. It tells the story of "Harry Moore", a youth who had once been sickly but had cured himself by "natural methods". As the story opens he is a magnificent specimen whose manly form is followed by shy, yet tender and appreciative, glances of Victorian ladies. Harry does a good deal of soliloquizing in the first chapter and one is told of his devotion to exercise, vegetables and fresh air and that his friends call him a "health crank". This disturbs him not at all, however, and he would be entirely happy if only he could find, object matrimony, a maiden whose figure had not been distorted by the stays of the era. One day, as he walks down the street, his eye falls upon a singularly beautiful girl. Whereupon:

"Well, how strange! And what a beautiful thing she is! She doesn't wear a corset! Heavens! She has the features and figure of a goddess. I didn't think there was a woman living who could affect me like that!" ex-

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claimed Harry with a long-drawn sigh as he remembered how the sight of her face had affected him."

III

During the first years he was in New York, Macfadden was one of the town freaks, good-naturedly teased in the press very much as Urban Ledoux, the "Mr. Zero" of the lower East Side, is teased to-day. He opened "health-food" restaurants where meals were served for a few cents, held beauty shows, clambered into the glare of footlights and flexed his muscles. His picture became familiar to newspaper readers, that of a man with wire-like hair, a prominent nose and bulging shoulders. By 1905, however, the industrious Anthony Comstock was watching him with suspicion and caused his arrest for displaying posters in connection with a health rally at the Madison Square Garden, posters portraying ladies and gentlemen in union suits and which now would cause merriment at a convention of the Epworth League. Macfadden escaped punishment on this occasion and began what was to have been the great experiment of his life, a Physical Culture City. He acquired property near Spottswood, N. J., and gathered about him a number of young men and women who pledged themselves to the simple life. Unhappily, the newspapers again indulged their sense of humor and neighborhood conservatives were loud in their protests when the girls appeared on the village streets not only in bloomers but without stockings. Macfadden seems, too, to have neglected the economic details of his colony and after some months several of the faithful were com-

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plaining that they were not getting their money's worth. The New York *World* published a realistic story about their grievances and this so angered Macfadden that he filed a \$50,000 libel suit. A jury held, however, that the reporter had told merely the truth.

It was in 1907, at a time when *Physical Culture* was being printed in New Jersey, that Macfadden had his really serious brush with the law. And on this occasion he was, I think, wholly in the right. He ran a story called "Growing to Manhood" which sought to inform young men, in a less ambiguous way than was the inviolate custom of the day, on the Facts of Life. It was not a pretty story, but neither was it a vicious one and its purpose was laudable. The postal authorities ruled, however, that it transgressed the laws on decency and an indictment followed. To every one's surprise Macfadden was convicted and sentenced to two years in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta. Macfadden was horrified; jails were horrid places with little fresh air and few green vegetables. He appealed to the higher courts, but the conviction was affirmed. Then the readers of *Physical Culture* rallied to his defense and deluged the White House with appeals for clemency. President Taft remitted the prison sentence. The incident had shocked and depressed Macfadden and he has since spent thousands of dollars in legal fees to guard against another thrust into the dungeon's shadow.

The notoriety did not, though, injure the circulation of *Physical Culture*. Thousands began to buy it in the hope that it was really smutty. But the magazine's great boom came with the World War. America, fac-

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ing the battlefield, began to ponder on physical fitness and to read what Macfadden had to say on the subject. By Armistice Day the circulation had jumped to 500,000 copies a month and scores of the readers were sending letters describing their ailments. The publisher read most of these personally, fascinated that so many other people should be passing through crises similar to his own. He was even more fascinated when some of the testimonials departed from the subject of health and described the details of true-life comedies, tragedies and obscenities.

Then came the Great Idea. An inner voice told Macfadden that thousands of other people also longed to peer into lighted windows, that the conventional magazine with its rigid requirement of "plausibility" as the basis of fiction failed to satisfy, that personal confessions would delight vast hordes never before tempted to read anything. And so *True Story Magazine* came into existence in 1919. It never occurred to Macfadden to doubt any of the stories in the first few issues and in a few years he realized that he had discovered a mine wherein lay gold beyond his wildest dreams. The sales soared from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 copies monthly. To-day the True Story Group, consisting of *True Story*, *True Detective Mysteries*, *True Romances* and *True Experiences*, is eagerly purchased annually by 36,000,000 naïve souls. *Physical Culture*, dean of the Macfadden magazines, still remains at 500,000 a month, but it is a very valuable property because of the particular class to which it appeals. No other is so ready to answer the advertisements of those promising

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health, beauty, bulging muscles and cures for baldness.

Not long ago an associate editor of *True Story* dropped into a barber shop near Columbus Circle for a shave. To his surprise, the barber greeted him by name.

"How did you know me?" he asked.

"Oh," said the man, "I've seen you up in the office. I used to be on the editorial staff of *True Story*."

The incident explains the signal success of the publication and why none of the competitors which followed it into the field has seriously encroached upon its circulation. The editor of *True Story* has very little to say about the material published. The stories are selected by an ever-changing "editorial board" consisting of barbers, shop-girls, plumbers and elevator men; men and women, in brief, from the mental strata by which the magazine is bought. As soon as one of them acquires a professional viewpoint he is replaced by some one else. The only question they ask themselves regarding a story is "Do I like it?" and those which receive their commendation go into the magazine. All the editor can do is to correct spelling and the more atrocious grammatical errors. Literary style is forbidden. It is widely believed, except by the readers of *True Story*, that the magazine is written by hacks at two or three cents a word, that "I Was Only a Girl and I Didn't Know" is really the work of an ex-newspaper man with a cigarette between his lips and a bottle of gin by his side. The serials, it is true, are written to order. But most of the short stories are received in response to prize contests and are, at most, whipped

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into shape by staff men. A smudged, pencil-written, amateurish manuscript is greeted with cheers at the Macfadden Building. Any professional writer is welcome to contribute, of course, but he is required to sign an affidavit to the effect that his story is based on fact and that the "people are real people", whatever that may mean.

The motto of the magazine is "Truth is Stranger than Fiction" and this adage was unexpectedly demonstrated, to the acute distress of Mr. Macfadden and his associates, when a thriller in the January, 1927, issue resulted in libel suits totaling \$500,000. Certainly the case will become a classic in the annals of libel litigation for it turned out that the author of a poignant yarn called "The Revealing Kiss" had used the names of eight men and women actually living in Scranton, Pa., and had attributed to them highly scandalous actions. Macfadden was, of course, an innocent bystander in the case, for the writer had evolved this as an ingenious and malicious scheme to pay back an imagined grudge against the Scrantonites. The publisher's attorneys, as can be well imagined, are having their skill amply tested in preparing a defense. Truth, as every newspaper man knows, is the usual answer to charges of libel. In this case, however—and surely the incident is one from "Alice in Wonderland"—the plea must be exactly the reverse; that the story in *True Story* obviously was untrue. The action is still pending, but the Macfadden legal staff is determined that so embarrassing a suit shall not again be filed and now all names, dates and places are changed before stories are printed.

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IV

Bernarr Macfadden is not wholly inexplicable, it is my contention, insofar as his physical culture enthusiasms are concerned. His magazines and his tabloid daily are quite unbelievable, however, and some of the details of his public and private life are, to put it mildly, puzzling. One decides, upon gazing with awe at his semi-nude photographs, that he is primarily an exhibitionist, a sublimated classical dancer, an actor gone astray. Then one notices that his clothes are baggy and unkempt, that his shoes are old and unpolished and that he takes not the slightest pride in his personal appearance. He is a modest enough person, if somewhat self-conscious, who scorns the advantages and refinements his wealth now makes possible. I am told that he still sleeps on the floor, in a sleeping bag he has owned for decades, because he is convinced that this is good for his spine. His only extravagance seems to be a new home at Englewood, N. J., and one or two excellent motors. On the other hand he has no reticence regarding things most men would prefer sheltered from the public glare. Photographs of his daughters frequently appear in his publications, occasionally with the title "Macfaddenettes". They have been on the platform when he has lectured and pointed to as excellent specimens of young womanhood. The names of eight of his nine children begin with "B" as does, by strange coincidence, that of Bernarr Macfadden. He caused to be printed in his newspaper last December reproductions of his personal Christmas card and under them

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cuts of those designed by Tuck of London for King George and the Prince of Wales.

Like so many other big New Yorkers, he has recently engaged a press agent. Having first considered engaging Ivy Lee, he later turned to Edward L. Bernays, only slightly less renowned in the public relations field. Mr. Bernays has already pulled one big stunt; that of persuading the amiable Mayor Walker to receive his client at the City Hall. This historic event was duly described in a full page in the *Graphic* while even the other New York dailies carried a paragraph or two about it. A similar feature printed at approximately the same time told of a dinner given the physical culturist by members of Parliament on the occasion of a visit to London. This time the layout included pictures of Daniel Webster and Bernarr Macfadden over a caption setting forth that these two were "among the few Americans in history" to have been thus honored.

Macfadden was already nationally known as a writer when he announced in 1924 that he intended to start a daily newspaper. He had never attempted, it is true, to repeat his early experiments as a novelist or to write fiction, as such. Among his better known works are: "How to Develop Muscular Power and Beauty", "The Building of Vital Power", "New Hair Culture", "The Encyclopedia of Physical Culture", "Manhood and Marriage", "Vitality Supreme", "Strengthening Eyes", "Making Old Bodies Young", "Womanhood and Marriage", "Eating for Health and Strength", "The Truth About Tobacco", "The Miracle of Milk", "Tooth Troubles", "Physical Culture for Baby".

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Tabloid journalism, at first greeted with aloof amusement by the other newspapers, had proved a success in New York when Macfadden revealed the principles of his journal. It was, he said, to be no filthy, muck-raking sheet but a very Galahad among newspapers which would be welcomed in every home. It would seek to end intolerance and work for the abolition of all forms of government censorship, "the elimination of graft and favoritism in politics and business", "direct primaries for all elective officials" and (plank fourteen in its platform):

"Protection of commuters against the policy of railroads that requires photographs and other inconvenient methods of identification. Why should the whole public be classed with convicts?"

But within a few weeks the *Graphic* had demonstrated that both its proprietor's promise of "fit for the home" and its masthead slogan "Nothing But the Truth" were to be liberally interpreted. Among the early headlines and features were: "Unmarried Mother Publicly Shamed by Court Order", "I Did Not Marry My Brother", "Stick to Women, They're Safer than Horses", "My Life as Marta Fara, the Strong Woman, Was a Fake and Torture", "Unwed Mother Unafraid to Die". The newest tabloid plunged at once into a circulation race with Hearst's *Evening Journal* and with the other picture papers, by now so popular with their public that although nominally morning editions they sold well into the afternoon. With the *Graphic's*

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first anniversary, September 15, 1925, Macfadden congratulated himself on the success of the year, saying:

“Sensational some of our news HAS been. Dramatic has been its presentation. But it has always been true to facts”.

By the middle of the second year all restraint had been abandoned. Knowingly or not, the *Graphic* was catering to a class other newspapers had ignored, those with twisted mentalities the world calls perverts. “Tots Tortured by Cult to Drive Out Devil”, was one good, clean story. “‘Le’s Be Lesbians’ Urges Cult Woman” was another. Others were “Three Women Lashed in Nude Orgy” and “White Sweetie Exposes Secret of Alice Kip’s Weird Love Power.” The last was a postlude to the indecent public trial, featured by other newspapers as well as the *Graphic*, in which the son of a well-known New York family had sought to free himself from marriage to a young woman of Negro blood.

And then appeared the eminent Edward W. Brown, a character created by the gods for tabloid editors to play with. His early adoption of Mary Spas and his discovery that she was not quite the tiny tot he had supposed was the opening number. Then came his marriage to “Peaches” Heenan and the famous suit for annulment. Here the *Graphic* took part in the mad competition for circulation, spread its odd composite pictures on the front page daily and added, but only temporarily, 250,000 readers. The antics of the *Graphic* were more than many citizens could bear. A number of municipalities prohibited its sale and John

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S. Sumner of the Society for the Suppression of Vice started criminal proceedings. Even though the departed Comstock must have been watching from Heaven, the courts held that the *Graphic* had been within the law. Prior to the court action Mr. Macfadden had deprecated, in a signed editorial, tendencies on the part of other journals to play up the case:

“To some newspapers a case of this kind is a glorious opportunity. They feast upon its abnormal features. They make it a drunken revelry of literary debauchery. They twist and turn in every way to bring out its lascivious character. And intelligent people who read the lines—and between the lines—are disgusted beyond words. The *Graphic* may have played up the case while it was news. But it has never stooped to wallow knee deep in the mire and filth that a certain phase of the case represented”.

It is impossible, obviously, to explain such an editorial in the light of the *Graphic's* treatment of the Browning case. Either Macfadden did not know what had been published or he is the most abysmal hypocrite since the beginning of time. I hold to the theory I have expressed already; that his mind simply fails to discern the ugly and the vulgar, that he actually did not appreciate what his editors were doing. Let us be similarly charitable regarding the nauseating stories of executions, the accounts of the last days of Ruth Snyder in the death house at Sing Sing prison. Daily, for weeks prior to the date of her execution, the *Graphic* published what purported to be despatches from her cell setting

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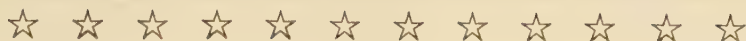
forth her last conversations and actions, even her last thoughts. It is worth noting, in view of the *Graphic's* slogan, "Nothing But the Truth", that the law does not permit interviews with the condemned, that prison attendants are forbidden to discuss them, that the *Graphic's* reporter never saw Mrs. Snyder, that his stories were based, at the best, on hearsay. I conclude this appreciation of Macfadden and his publications with an editorial note following one of these fabrications, a note promising further details of a murderess about to die and typical of the nature of the articles:

"Don't fail to read to-morrow's *Graphic*! An installment that thrills and stuns. A story that fairly pierces the heart and reveals Ruth Snyder's last thoughts on earth; that pulses the blood as it discloses her final letters.

"Think of it! A woman's final thoughts just before she is clutched in the deadly snare that sears and burns and FRIES—and KILLS. Her very last words! Exclusively in to-morrow's *Graphic*!"



FRONT PAGE STUFF



LIFE BEING WHAT IT IS IN THESE HURRIED TIMES, WHEN all men run and few read more than the headlines, press agents have become as necessary to the best people as white-tiled bathrooms. Both Presidents of the nation and presidents of corporations employ them. The society pusher, arranging the first matrimonial voyage of her lovely daughter, finds them indispensable. They sing the praises, or mute the infamies, of baseball players, visiting Queens, gamblers, bishops, publicists and litterateurs. Jumbo the Elephant, if he were alive to-day, would have a public relations counsel.

But Samuel Untermyer of New York, once legal physician to Big Business but now its hated enemy, has been landing on the front pages for almost forty years quite unaided. His name has been in the headlines thousands of times. There are probably more clippings about him in the morgues of the New York newspapers than about any other private citizen, so-called, save Harry K. Thaw. Scandal has never touched him; adverse criticism but rarely. The publicity that inundates him never sours to notoriety. A millionaire many times over, able to command enormous fees from such clients as he still serves, he has been hailed in countless news stories and scores of editorials as a defender of the poor and oppressed. Within the past few years, perhaps,

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his fame has been narrowed and localized to a certain extent. He is no longer quite the national figure that he once was. But in his home town he continues to be very much of a fellow and the city editors of the New York papers assign their star reporters when Sam goes into action.

Some men achieve fame by giving away large sums of money and seeing that their fellow citizens are duly informed. Others, particularly lawyers and clergymen, become known because they are ready at any and all times to express opinions on any and all subjects. Every newspaper reporter has a private list of such amiable gentlemen, and he calls upon them when his managing editor instructs him to find out how the Best Thought runs on some burning questions of the day. But Mr. Untermeyer is on none of these lists, nor does he accept membership on silly public committees, or sit on the dais at sillier banquets. The clippings, some now yellow and crumbling, that form his history describe simply a man of furious energy and tireless activity, with great talents as a lawyer, and especially as a cross-examiner. From the first he has given his own show.

Mr. Untermeyer is now seventy years old. The leader of relatively few causes, he has been through most of his life what his enemies have called a persecutor and his friends a prosecutor. He has attacked such holy institutions as the Stock Exchange, the House of Morgan, the life insurance companies, the New York transit companies and the real estate interests. He trusts, it would seem, no one—particularly the intelligence of attorneys associated with him. A Democrat, he has small faith in

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the honesty of Democrats or Republicans. He believes, as he once told friends, that it "would be an excellent thing to have a permanent snooping committee always at work in New York City" because, once the back of the investigator is turned, nearly all "officials are crooked".

And yet, despite his undoubted ability and the undoubted worth of his accomplishments, there are few men so cordially disliked as Sam. He is hated for a number of reasons. He is dictatorial, a bitter critic, and a slave-driver. He patronizes and attempts to order around the newspaper men who print his stuff. He knows his own brilliance and can conceive no reason for concealing his knowledge of it. He believes that most men are dull in comparison to himself and occasionally he flatly says so. He thinks that his record entitles him to the position, somehow never quite accorded him by his profession, of stellar investigator of the age, if not of all history. And he is inclined to be disparaging when some other attorney launches into the same high enterprise, thus hogging his own place on the first page.

Some years ago, for instance, an investigation of the always perplexing transit problem in New York was under way. The Legislature had passed a fantastic bill giving the city the right to purchase all of the existing subway, elevated and street-car lines. It did not have the money, of course, nor had it the slightest prospect of getting the millions needed. But public hearings were duly held at which the value of the properties was discussed at great length. The special counsel in charge

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was former Supreme Court Justice Clarence J. Shearn, a man of great ability. He probed his way through the verbose testimony of technical valuations experts. He brought out the truth, or an approximation to it, regarding the real worth of various transit corporations. And the papers unanimously applauded his work. But Samuel Untermyer, down in his office in the Equitable Building, read the accounts with doubt. He directed the attention of a chance visitor to a long row of thick volumes, the printed transcript of the celebrated Money Trust investigation of 1912 for which he had been the examiner.

"Shearn's doing pretty well," he said, "but it's a complicated job. One needs training for an investigation of that sort."

II

It may or may not be true that other lawyers lack Mr. Untermyer's genius for legal exploration. But there is not the slightest doubt that he surpasses all his contemporaries in the art of making the first page. The secret of it is that he has an uncanny sense of what is news. He has, like Roosevelt, all the instincts of a trained newspaper man. He is aware that headlines leap out of clear-cut and novel sensations, out of the development of new and startling facts, out of the stirring up, as Kipling said, of an Awesome Stink. He knows the value of suspense and climax. For weeks on end, during a legislative investigation of the housing situation in New York in 1920, he and his activities occupied the most prominent position on page 1 of all

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the local newspapers. It was, during some of the hearings, my privilege to report them for an afternoon paper.

Mr. Untermeyer rarely failed to draw from the witness on the stand some damaging statement in time for the first edition. He rarely failed to provide another lead for the early Wall Street run. And late in the day he would invariably drag out something else that was fresh and exciting, so that new headlines might replace those of the morning and early afternoon, and edify the crowds on their way home from work. He proceeded swiftly and surely to each of his series of climaxes. When one was about ready to break I used to think—possibly it was only imagination—that he would look over to the press-table to make certain that we were on the job and knew that something was coming. Sometimes, of course, a witness would prove disappointing. It may have been that some associate counsel had erred in the preliminaries. Or perhaps, but more unusually, the witness was a facile and skillful villain, a match for the most hard-boiled and searching of interrogators. Thus once in a while Mr. Untermeyer found himself, late in the afternoon, without a new sensation for the morning newspaper men. But even on these occasions he was never in the least disturbed, for he could always fall back on the tried and true expedient of making thunderous charges.

"This has gone far enough!" he would say, taking off his tortoise-rim glasses and glaring with indignation and horror at the slightly bewildered State senator who happened to be presiding. "This witness is beyond

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question the most evasive that I, in my long experience at the Bar, have ever encountered. It is fortunate that his testimony is not needed. The evidence already shows the true situation. I charge, Mr. Chairman, that the interests he represents constitute one of the most vicious, the most rigid and the most dastardly combinations in the history of monopolies restraining trade! I charge that they bleed the public for millions each year!"

It is to be noted that Mr. Untermeyer seldom makes the charge that these criminalities have been actually proved. There is usually at least a chance that no criminal act has been shown and that nothing will ever be done about it. But the gentlemen of the press know that such statements before a legislative committee are privileged and that libel suits cannot follow. So the next morning the newspapers scream in headlines that "Untermeyer at Housing Probe Charges Combine; Lays Millions Yearly Toll to New Trust".

There are few more entertaining ways of spending an afternoon than listening to him conducting a case. He belongs very definitely to the "Answer Yes or No!" school of lawyers. He permits few explanatory answers and when a witness reads a statement into the record he promptly cross-examines on the basis of it. There is, in short, no softness in him. Samuel Untermeyer is a small man, almost dapper in his meticulous attention to the details of dress; but his size is forgotten because of his great leonine head. Inevitably in his buttonhole there is an orchid, grown under his personal supervision at his country place. An underling carries

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several of these blooms to court in a damp paper bag, so that he may change to a fresh one during the noon recess. Always the center of the picture, he manages to give the court, the jury and the spectators to understand that every opposition witness is a master of evasion and probably a perjurer. Beyond all cross-examiners I have ever heard he knows where he is going. His questions follow in swift series. The path to his climax stretches straight ahead of him. All of this is usually clear to the court, the jury and the disinterested persons present, but through some magic he always keeps the man on the stand from knowing what it is all about. Consequently, that gentleman is trapped almost infallibly into the very admissions that his pursuer is seeking.

One of the stage props that Mr. Untermeyer uses most frequently is his pair of shell-rimmed glasses. When a witness is recalcitrant, he snatches them off so that, ostensibly, he can better view the wretch. Actually, Sam is able to see very little without his spectacles. But the gesture is devastating.

III

It was toward the end of 1910, the close of the desolate decade that was the stepchild of the 90's, that the career of Samuel Untermeyer took form and shape and caused him first to be known as something of a publicist. He was already very wealthy, having been an extraordinarily successful corporation attorney almost from the date of his admission to the Bar in 1879. William Howard Taft, it will be recalled, was then Chief Execu-

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tive of the nation, and rapidly losing the popularity which his contagious chuckle and his fondness for possum had brought him. The panic of 1907 was still very fresh in the mind of the public, and it was becoming apparent that many wealthy men had grown more wealthy as a result of that grotesque hysteria. Down at Princeton, N. J., a serious professor of history had left his books to become Governor of New Jersey and was talking about the necessity of revising the country's banking system so that greater elasticity of credit would be possible in time of stress.

Mr. Untermeyer knew the trend of the times. During the months that followed the birth of 1910 he was found making public addresses on the injustice suffered by the poor under the yoke of the rich. He offered the not entirely original thought that men may be born free and equal but that life swiftly rectifies that error. In April of that year he shocked his fellow attorneys by a speech in which he intimated that the bandage across the eyes of Justice had slipped and that she was guilty of smiling, with a come hither glance, toward Big Business. The opulent law-breaker, Mr. Untermeyer said, was well protected from the dangers and obscenities of jail. The poor man, on the other hand, found the law swift and terrible in its righteous vengeance:

"Nowhere in our social fabric is the discrimination between the rich and the poor so emphasized to the average citizen as at the bar of justice. Nowhere should it be less. . . . Money secures the ablest and most adroit counsel. . . . Evidence can be gathered from every source. The poor must be content to forego all these advantages".

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This was, of course, heresy in a lawyer. But the address, and particularly that portion of it which called for the creation of a Public Defender, was duly recorded in the press. During 1911 Mr. Untermeyer continued to bite the hands that had fed him for so long. He began to say nasty things about the trusts and combinations that were the pride of the G. O. P. and had survived the loud talk and the Big Stick of Theodore Roosevelt. The good-natured Taft had, of course, done nothing to curb the powers of these octopuses. So Mr. Untermeyer found many to applaud when, in November of 1911, he made a speech in which he intimated that Steps Must be Taken. A month later he made one of the first of the sweeping accusations that he was destined to make at such frequent intervals during the rest of his life. There was in existence, he charged, an effective Money Trust, and through it the whole financial resources of the nation were controlled by a few men. This was "likely to lead to an oligarchy more despotic and more dangerous to industrial freedom than anything civilization has yet known". He went on:

"There has been greater concentration of the Money Power in the past five or ten years . . . than in the preceding fifty years. The process of absorption is likely to continue until a few groups absolutely dominate the financial situation of the country. . . . It has come to pass that less than a dozen men in the City of New York are for all practical purposes in control of the direction of at last 75 per cent of the deposits of the leading trust companies and banks in the city and of allied institutions in various parts of the country".

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It was true talk, all too true. The newspapers began to take notice. They failed to recall that Mr. Untermeyer had been personal counsel to the notorious James Hazen Hyde prior to the life insurance scandal, that he had received huge fees from the brewing interests and was popularly thought to have been paid \$750,000 for arranging the merger of the Utah Copper and the Consolidated Copper Companies. Meanwhile at Washington the politicians (as usual, a year or two late) started to give attention to the matter. In October, 1912, fortified with Congressional authority, the House Committee on Banking and Currency began an investigation. Mr. Untermeyer was chosen as chief counsel and soon got control of the committee. The chairman and theoretical leader was the Hon. Arsene P. Pujo, a statesman from torrid Louisiana, but Mr. Pujo, although Sam would have done so anyhow, agreed to let the chief counsel run things. He started in with characteristic vigor. He issued stupendous statements from his New York office—statements so lengthy that along Park Row it began to be said of him that he couldn't turn around in less than two columns. Lengthy as they were, however, these handouts were usually hot enough to land on the front pages. The members of the Pujo Committee, reading the headlines, gradually became slightly peeved. They craved, naturally enough, some of the glory. So some of them began a movement to have the chief counsel shoved in the background, to fix his status as an employee. When he heard about this he hopped a train to the capital. After the ensuing uproar died away it was announced from

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the committee's rooms that Sam would be the boss.

The hearing began in due time and Mr. Untermeyer swiftly demonstrated his immense knowledge of high finance and his extraordinary ability and merciless diligence as an examiner. He had plenty of nerve. He hurled questions at J. P. Morgan the Elder, at George F. Baker, at Frank M. Vanderlip, at Henry P. Davison and at A. Barton Hepburn with the same hearty zest that an ordinary attorney would show in bullying a precinct detective at a burglary trial. And the admissions that he obtained from their reluctant and haughty lips justified most of the accusations about a Money Trust that he had been making. Nor did he fail to set up for himself all the psychological advantages possible: as always, he was strong on the imponderables. On December 18, 1912, for instance, the elder Morgan was rudely summoned to Washington by a subpoena which called for his appearance at 10 o'clock. He had never before been subjected to the plebeian indignities of the witness-stand, but he entered the committee-room, flanked by high priced counsel, at the scheduled hour. The hearing had not yet started and Mr. Untermeyer was fiddling with some papers. He greeted Mr. Morgan courteously and signaled to the chairman that he was ready to begin. The great banker half started from his chair, assuming that he was to be questioned immediately. But he sank back, somewhat foolish looking, as Mr. Untermeyer called the name of a perfectly obscure person. Thus Mr. Morgan, who had not been kept waiting for decades, was forced to sit still, quiet and docile, while Sam interrogated unimpor-

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tant witnesses for hours. He seethed furiously, being seventy-five years old and entitled by the national *mores* to great respect. By the time he was eventually called to the stand, late in the afternoon, he was almost apoplectic.

Nevertheless, Mr. Morgan did pretty well as a witness. He testified for the balance of that day and all of the next. He could not conceive, he said, that there was any peril in great power resting with such reputable men as, at the time, were supposed to be in control of the financial situation in New York. He admitted, deprecatingly, his own tremendous puissance and gave his views on such matters as credit, character as collateral, and the Best Interests of the Nation. Sam kept plugging away in an effort to draw specific answers about monopoly and competition from him. Finally he succeeded and the transcript shows the following:

BY MR. UNTERMAYER: You are opposed to competition, are you not?

MR. MORGAN: No, I do not mind competition.

Q. You would rather have combination?

A. I would rather have combination.

Q. You would rather have combination than competition?

A. Yes.

Mr. Untermeyer continued his probing for months. Witness after witness of national and international prominence appeared in answer to the Pujo Committee's subpoenas. He charged this and he charged that. He demonstrated that outsiders had precious little

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chance of getting into American industry in a big way unless the Morgan-Baker group was willing. He showed that the Clearing House Association exercised, without a vestige of governmental control, despotic power over the banks of the nation. He forced from the Hon. George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury under Roosevelt, an admission that he had hurried to New York during the panic with \$39,000,000 in government funds and that he had meekly deposited these at the direction of Mr. Morgan in various banks, the names of which he could not remember. Mr. Cortelyou admitted that the funds might have been used for the relief of Stock Exchange gamblers instead of to save tottering banks. But like most other investigations, the Pujo inquiry was largely ineffective. The Stock Exchange is still its own master and the Clearing House Association does about what it likes. The voice of Morgan speaks from the grave and has much of its old power.

But one thing appeared out of the countless questions and answers and the thousands of pages of testimony of the Money Trust investigation. This was the figure of Samuel Untermyer, clothed in a new dignity and famous throughout the land. He had proved his worth. He had become a shining defender of the Plain People against the machinations of wealth and power.

IV

During the sessions of the Lockwood Housing Committee a few years ago it was Mr. Untermyer's custom to receive some of his newspaper friends on Sunday at

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his glamorous country estate, "Greystone", just above Yonkers. "Greystone", it is interesting to note, was once the home of Samuel J. Tilden, one of the few early American lawyers whose investigating genius was comparable to that of Mr. Untermeyer. It was he who exposed the Tweed Ring of Tammany Hall and who, as Governor of New York, had ever been hot on the trail of graft and dishonesty in every form. Sam bought the home from the Tilden estate in 1900 and lavished \$100,000 in money and far more in time and affection in refurbishing the old place. The Sunday visits of the newspaper men to his home were primarily, of course, for the purpose of getting stories for Monday morning. Sam never disappointed them in this respect and occasionally, to some of those who had known him the longest, revealed himself as a man of sentiment and feeling who, if he was a tyrant in his office and a berserker in court, loved in his home his flowers and trees and narrow paths cushioned with fragrant pine needles. "Greystone" faces the immense sweep of the Hudson and its gardens rest on a slope that leads down to the river. Except during the Winter they are gorgeous and colorful. And when snow covers them Mr. Untermeyer leads his guests through greenhouses where there are orchids of such wild beauty and in such profusion that they would dazzle the eyes of even a Park avenue blonde.

On a number of occasions, following the more sensational of his public services, Samuel Untermeyer has been talked of for public office. Not seriously, it is true. The organizations of both parties have small use for a

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man who holds views as strenuous and individualistic as does Sam or for one so likely to gallop off the reservation and start an investigation of the boys who placed him in office. And Mr. Untermeyer is too wise and practical a person to be interested in the futile support of independent citizens who annually hold public meetings at the Hotel Astor and designate, in the name of Better Government, public figures for office. There is one job, though, that Mr. Untermeyer would like to have been offered, and if a city administration had been intelligent enough to tender it he might have accepted. Once, under pledge that no mention of it would be made at that time, he confided this ambition. He would like very much, he said, to be New York Park Commissioner. He was standing in his gardens at the moment and as he spoke gestured toward the flowers.

"As Park Commissioner," he said, "I could make the parks of New York really beautiful. They ought to be planned out, like the parks of European cities. I've made a study of the subject. If I were Commissioner I'd be glad to spend a lot of my own money. It would be a pleasant job, working among flowers—"

Mr. Untermeyer does not spend his money carelessly. On another occasion, walking through the grounds at "Greystone", he pointed to a small stone fountain. As he did so he grinned with naïve delight.

"See that?" he demanded. "That used to be on John D. Rockefeller's place at Tarrytown. The old man didn't have any use for it; it didn't fit in. I offered him \$125 but he said it was worth \$150. I stuck to my price,

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though, and he waited a year before finally coming around."

It was not, of course, the \$25 that interested him. It was the principle of the thing; and the distinction of getting the best of the dime-dispensing Mr. Rockefeller. Incidentally, although Mr. Untermeyer rarely gives away large sums of money, he is not stingy. He pays his hired hands well, far above the market rates. But he expects them to accomplish several times as much work as do other employers. And he can, if he chooses, boast that he asks none of them to labor more furiously than he does himself. His life has been filled with crowded hours and still is, if to a lesser degree. Lately he has been allowing himself more leisure, and is becoming increasingly fond of floating up and down the tranquil rivers of Florida in his houseboat. It is seldom now that he calls for the editions of the morning papers, as he once did, at 3 o'clock in the morning.

V

Mr. Untermeyer was born in 1858 in Lynchburg, Va., the son of a Jewish tobacco planter who had great faith in the cause of the South. It is related that Isadore Untermeyer had invested heavily in Confederate bonds as an outward sign of this faith and that the shock and grief of the news of the surrender of Lee killed him. In 1865, then, with Sam only seven years old, Mrs. Untermeyer was left penniless in a country devastated by war. A woman of vigor, she promptly moved to New York with her three sons. There young Untermeyer was sent to public school and to the College of the

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City of New York. He attended night sessions of the Columbia Law School by working as an errand boy in the daytime. He was admitted to the Bar in 1879 and immediately started on his swift journey to fortune and the front pages.

One of his first big cases was as counsel for a Philadelphia brewer whose partner had conspired with their attorney to obtain \$140,000 in beer profits. In those more simple days the thought of a lawyer engaged in conspiracy caused considerable excitement. Sam then began his habit of winning cases, and, despite a costly and more experienced battery of lawyers on the other side, came through with \$52,000 in damages. The case aroused wide interest among other gentlemen engaged in the manufacture of suds. Mr. Untermeyer was retained by a number of them within a short time and even managed a divorce case for one of the beer barons. One of his biggest jobs was arranging a deal whereby an English syndicate bought up some breweries in the United States for the purpose of distributing, to English investors who did not dream of the unhappy days of Prohibition, some \$80,000,000 in stock. By the end of the 'nineties, Mr. Untermeyer was one of the leading corporation attorneys in America. He told Big Business how things could be done. He saved \$6,000,000 or so for the bondholders of the United States Shipbuilding Corporation, who confronted an elaborate, but so he contended, phony reorganization plan. Meanwhile he gained respectability. He became a member of the Lotos, the Lawyers', the Manhattan, the Democratic

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and—who did not?—the Press clubs. He acquired a yacht, his country place and a magnificent town house on Fifth Avenue. And in 1900, the newspaper files show, indignant citizens of Yonkers complained to the police that he was exceeding the speed limit of eight miles an hour by driving furiously to the railroad station behind his team of horses. He denied the charge, in a letter to the editors of the New York papers, and protested that he was a law-abiding citizen.

Between 1905 and 1907 he was very much interested in showing prize collie dogs. One of his rivals was the elder Morgan, who had been gaining relaxation in this way for some years and was in the habit of carrying off most of the blues. Competition between the two canine fanciers became increasingly keen and it is possible that it was not made more friendly by the fact that Mr. Untermeyer had angered Mr. Morgan by his criticism of the shipbuilding trust. In February, 1907, both Mr. Morgan and Mr. Untermeyer were leaning over the ring at the Madison Square Garden as the judges made their final deliberations. Suddenly the financier's eyes gleamed with satisfaction. His pup had won! In order to get down into the ring to pat his pet Mr. Morgan had to pass the attorney. He did so hurriedly, almost knocking Mr. Untermeyer aside in his haste. It was a bitter pill for Sam, but he was not yet licked. He cabled to England for the best pedigreed collies to be had. And in a few weeks his dogs had their day. They cleaned up at the Boston show and Mr. Morgan was left ignominiously biting his finger nails.

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VI

In a confidential mood Mr. Untermeyer sometimes admits that he derives considerable satisfaction from reducing to absurdities the revered figures of the business world.

"These fellows," he murmurs, thinking of some of the very important gentlemen who have squirmed under his cross-examination, "think no one can question what they do. I like to show them they're wrong!"

The funny thing about it is that he becomes highly indignant himself and completely huffy when some one questions his own actions or judgment. In the offices which he shares with his son in the Equitable Building he permits no contradictions. He carries, figuratively, a signed resignation in his vest pocket when he is counsel for an investigating committee, and is ready to slap it on the table in the event that any one insists upon a course of which he does not approve. It is partly this dictatorial note in his character that makes him so cordially detested by many of those who have come into contact with him. Once, for instance, he was in the habit of ordering that his public statements be "printed in full or not at all". For a time he actually got away with this; until some of the more outspoken newspaper men cured him by handing the statement back and declaring that they were willing to make no guarantees. It has long been his custom to telephone city editors when some mistake has appeared in a story about him and demand corrections.

He has a savage sense of the humorous, as applied to

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other people, and slight ability to appreciate a joke on himself. When he was very much in the limelight a cartoonist made a drawing of him, accentuating the Hebraic slant of his profile and the bushy nature of his hair. Most public men are inclined to relish such caricatures and some time later this particular artist sent the original of his drawing to Untermyer. Sam looked at it without the vestige of a smile and turned abruptly to some papers.

"I don't look that bad!" he grunted.

He was once actively interested in politics, despite his refusal to consider public office for himself. He was a delegate to a number of national conventions, and was usually considerable of a nuisance to the political geniuses who prefer to have conventions managed from smoke-laden hotel rooms instead of from the floor. One of the few times in his life that he has backed the wrong horse was when he thought Williams Jennings Bryan a man "whose sincerity and ability are conceded by the fair-minded men of all parties". He was an enthusiastic supporter of Woodrow Wilson, and labored with great devotion for the man and the principles for which he was fighting. He never, at least publicly, wholly made up his mind about the Hon. John F. Hylan, one-time mayor of New York. He worked for Hylan's election in 1918, but three years later called him "a bumptious vulgarian", "a political mountebank" and "a profaner of synagogues". And then in 1923, despite these harsh words, he wrote Mr. Hylan that he had been "the only mayor in years with the courage to make a fight against corporate greed".

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Sam, it must be admitted, is once in a while muddle-headed despite the clarity of his vision in the courtroom. And there is in him, too, an unexpected softness that sometimes betrays him. He was ruthless in sending the late Brindell, the notorious labor grafter, to jail. And yet, not long afterward, he petitioned Governor Smith to parole the man because he had been told that his mother was ill. He worships his children as he did his wife, a Gentile, who died a few years ago. One son, Alvin, is a lawyer and once wanted to go into politics. Mr. Utermoyer gave liberally of his money and time in two unsuccessful attempts to satisfy his son's ambition. But Alvin was defeated, first for the Legislature and later for the Supreme Court. .

"I have made enough money," said Mr. Utermoyer at about the time of the housing investigation. "More would only bother me. Now I am going to help my fellow men."

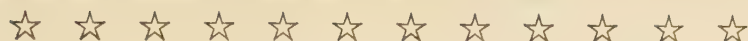
The cynical men who make newspapers and who heard of this pointed out that many millionaires, late in life, adopt this noble policy. "Writing obituaries", they call it, and they said that Sam was desirous of favorable notices on the day of his death. They were cruelly unjust. Sam is little interested in post-mortem headlines. He prefers that the pieces about him be printed while he is alive and can still frame their wording and attempt to dictate how they shall appear. The charge is unjust, too, because he began his crusades against privilege and unfair monopoly many years ago, when his expectation of life was measured in decades. Now, seventy years old, he has practiced law for forty-nine years. He has

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met and vanquished the leaders of the Bar during two generations. He has probed into the hidden affairs of banks, trust companies, life insurance companies, manufacturers, labor leaders, politicians, industrialists, financiers and all the conglomeration of affairs and men that make America. No one has ever been able to tell, probably not even Sam himself, where one of his investigations was going to lead or upon whose toes it was likely to tread. The only thing that Mr. Untermeyer has never investigated is an investigating committee. Possibly he will do this before he dies. No man could do it better.



WHEELS IN HIS HEAD



FRANK HEDLEY, PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER OF that ever-present evil, the Interborough Rapid Transit Company in New York City, causes despair in the hearts of those among his associates who believe in that modern traction corporation slogan, "The Public Be Kiddled".

"The much talked of patience and good nature of the New Yorker," he remarked on one occasion as letters of complaint piled up on his desk, "is good to read about, but I have failed to discover any of it."

Similarly, when an investigator reported that congestion on the subway was due to the stupidity of a public which declined to ride in the end cars, he became heavily sarcastic.

"The public to blame!" he snorted. "The public is never to blame. You take it from me, the railroads are to blame for everything."

Diplomacy is, in brief, not in the man. The average politician believes that a lengthy investigation can solve any problem, and therefore creates boards and commissions to remedy the transit tangle by the question and answer method. Hedley, who is certain that only a higher fare and more trains will do the job, resents the frequency with which he is subpoenaed to make an office holder's holiday. He becomes a cocky, facetious, irri-

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tating witness who refuses to hide his emotions.

"I will study the situation," he said during one of these inquisitions, "and then do as I please."

Another time, on a cold December day, he was summoned to the chambers of the Public Service Commission and asked for an explanation of why the cars in the subway were not properly heated. Had enough heat been turned on? Hedley, taking the stand, gazed across the room in which the hearing was being conducted and shivered in an exaggerated manner.

"Are you cold, Mr. Hedley?" asked one of the commissioners.

"If I kept my cars as cold as this room," he replied brightly, "you'd have me up here in a jiffy."

All these traits, admirable even if annoying, are natural to a man whose life has been spent doing, with familiar precision, those things that most men know nothing of. I have never heard of a locomotive engineer, the master of an ocean liner, an aviator or even a taxicab chauffeur who suffered from an inferiority complex. These men belong to what William McFee called the "race apart". They look down from on high upon lesser men who ride on their trains and their ships. And Frank Hedley, for all his title of "President and General Manager" and his salary of \$75,000 a year, finds his chief satisfaction in being the man who runs the trains.

"Any fool," he told an intimate some years ago, "could be the president of a railroad company. But the general manager has to know something."

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There are many corporation presidents who would envy him. The excitements of Hedley's life do not consist of bond issues, mergers, sinking funds, interest rates and Equipment Trust 6 per cent Gold Certificates, Series A. These matters he leaves, in large measure, to James F. Quackenbush, the I.R.T.'s able general counsel and real administrative head. Hedley, by choice just as much as through inability to solve financial puzzles, is content to be the operating genius. Each morning he finds on his desk detailed reports of the delays and minor accidents of the day before. He is versed in such mysteries as car-miles, power consumption and peak loads. Like a fireman, he is likely to be called from his home in Yonkers at any hour of the night to go to the scene of some accident. He has given strict orders that he is to be summoned for any unusual event and was filled with wrath a year ago when two subway stations were bombed and when he first heard of it from his morning paper. Some one at the I.R.T. offices had forgotten to telephone.

When there is a strike, a frequent occurrence due to the Interborough's mid-Victorian labor policies, Hedley remains on duty until far into the night. He personally supervises the hiring of strike-breakers. He rushes out to the yards to watch new men being trained, often assists in giving lessons and assures the recruits that they will be protected from violence. Heavy snowfalls are not the menace to transportation in New York they once were, due partly to the miles of subways that are not affected and partly to a device invented by

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Hedley which scrapes snow and ice from the third rails. But when there is an unusually bad storm Hedley is, again, on the job. In the days when he was in charge of several surface lines he not infrequently rode the plows with his men and gloried in the physical battle against the storm. To-day, and he regrets it, the process of digging out can be supervised from a desk. For years Hedley was beyond question the most expert rapid transit man in the United States. Lately, however, President William S. Menden of the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Company, has developed rapidly and now rates as an equal, at least.

Hedley learned at an early age to work with his hands; hands that had inherited the skill of a long line of railroad men. He was twenty years old when he gathered his machinist's tools into his kit, left his home at Maidstone, England, landed in Manhattan and informed the foreman of the Erie Railroad's machine shops in Jersey City that he was ready to start work at \$2.40 a day. He was the fourth Hedley to have been attracted by the smoke, the oil and the steam of a railroad roundhouse. His great grand-uncle, the most famous of them, had built the "Puffing Billy" near Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1813, and was one of the claimants to the fame of George Stephenson, generally given credit for the invention of the steam locomotive.

When Hedley arrived in New York from Maidstone in 1881 he was no immigrant youth wondering whether the land of his adoption would prove cordial, fearful that he might have to dig ditches to keep from starva-

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tion. Locomotives, he was aware, were much the same the world over and he knew that the trade he had mastered in England would be equally useful in this country. It was not long before he had left the Erie shops, of his own volition, to go to the New York Central. Then he transferred himself to the Manhattan Elevated where rickety steam locomotives were being used and where the frequency with which they broke down made the opportunities for advancement greater. By 1888, a short seven years after arriving in America, Hedley was in Chicago assisting in the construction of that city's elevated system. He was held there to operate the lines after their completion and in 1903, already widely known as an authority on rapid transit, he was summoned to New York to take charge of the subway system, about to begin operation. During the twenty-five years of his command the original subways have been vastly expanded and the elevated lines added to the I.R.T. system. Hedley has, in addition, operated many of the street car lines during periods when they were in receivership.

Traces of Frank Hedley's English middle-class heredity remain. He has, for instance, the British working man's talent for thoroughness, his spirit of independence, his belief in the obligation to do a full day's work. But he has, at the same time, a vast contempt for many of the abstractions that make practical things possible, a disinclination for reading, a measure of obstinacy which makes life for his subordinates none too happy and which causes men to call him "impossible to work

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with". His rugged self-complacency gives way to outspoken indignation when he feels that he is not appreciated.

None of these, though, can be gleaned from his appearance as he sits behind his desk in the lower Broadway offices of the Interborough and directs a transportation system which, on its subways alone, furnished rides for more than 800,000,000 passengers during the fiscal year which ended on June 30, 1927. Much as Hedley may take pride in his other talents, he looks very like any other high-priced executive. He smokes incessantly, favoring a mild cigar which he has made to his order and which bears his name on its tissue-paper wrapper. Now sixty-seven years old, he has snow-white hair and white mustaches. He holds himself unusually well. His resemblance to William Hohenzollern is, in fact, striking. Picture the former All Highest in a modern business office, examining reports, answering telephones, being disagreeable to assistants, and you have an excellent portrait of the head of the I.R.T. He finds pardonable satisfaction in his appearance and could not conceal his delight when, some years ago, the name "Handsome Hedley" was applied to him at a private dinner. It does not disturb him to know that the public considers him a stubborn person. One of the pictures in his inner office is a cartoon published in one of the tabloids. The sketch portrays him with an egg-shaped head and carried the caption "Hard-boiled Hedley, the Ten Minute Egg".

Hedley's fascination in the operating problems of the Interborough, as distinct from its financial troubles, is

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demonstrated by the many inventions that he has perfected. Among them is a "time-recorder-coaster" device whereby motormen are checked on the amount of current used on a run and are rewarded when they coast as much as possible. Others are the multiple doors now installed in subway trains, a device that reduces the danger of telescoping in collisions and that has been adopted on railroads all over the world, a steel trolley truck also universally in use, and the third rail ice-scraper.

His most notorious brain-child is the horribly noisy nickel-in-the-slot turnstile in which he takes great pride. His inventions have saved millions for the I.R.T. and without them the company would have gone into bankruptcy. Although Hedley frequently laments the company's poverty, he has really enjoyed enforcing the economies that this makes necessary and has, according to his custom, been defiant when called to account for them. A few years ago he was haled before the authorities following complaints that subway cars were filthy. Of course they were filthy, said the Interborough president. The company could not afford, on a five cent fare, to provide clean windows.

"I saw a car with clean windows to-day," he remarked, "and when I got back to the office I raised hell to find out who cleaned those windows and spent all that money."

It would be impossible for a man of Hedley's type to become a swivel chair operator. Each morning he drives to the city from his Yonkers home, but dismisses his car at an uptown subway station. Entering a train,

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he enjoys all the sensations of a great man traveling incognito. He listens, with an inward grin, to the growls of the mob when a train is delayed. Almost never, he has said, does his expert eye fail to make note of some minor operating imperfection. He is known to many of his employees and warns them, in friendly fashion, when they perform their duties improperly. He persuades himself, as did the late Judge Gary, that the working man is essentially faithful and is led astray only when outsiders paint extravagant pictures of higher wages and call for a strike. To protect them, the company hires spies who report on unfortunate tendencies toward leaving the fold of the Interborough Brotherhood, the company union. Hedley admits that the men are underpaid and his heart bleeds for them. He can do nothing, however, as long as the present niggardly fare is in force.

It is difficult, these days, for Hedley to do as much manual work as he desires. Only infrequently are there inventions to be perfected. To satisfy his urge for physical labor he bought, years ago, a farm near Bridgeport, Conn. Except for a month in the winter when he plays golf in Florida, he goes to the farm every week-end. It is his sole recreation and it is, he makes clear, "no gentleman's farm". He has a few cows and horses and hundreds of chickens. Guests invited for a week-end are sometimes disconcerted, when they arrive, by having tools thrust into their hands and being told to mend a fence or dig a ditch. Their host, they find, is building an addition, repairing plumbing or fiddling with a traction device in his workshop. Their

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assistance is needed. Hedley Hall has no butlers and few servants; visitors very often find themselves faced with cleaning up after dinner.

“I make them work if I can,” Hedley explains. “It’s good for them.”



UP FROM MARTYRDOM



AT A RECENT LEGISLATIVE SESSION IN THE SOVEREIGN, IF frequently muggy, State of Alabama an irreverent and disrespectful law-maker arose to introduce a resolution. The preamble of this State paper called attention to recent utterances by the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin, Alabama's senior United States Senator, in which that militant and industrious Protestant had taken some shots at Governor Al Smith of New York and Pope Pius XI of Rome. The resolution went on:

WHEREAS the United States of America is in grave danger of an attack by the Pope of Rome:

WHEREAS except for the valor, bravery and foresight of that great and eminent leader and statesman, the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin, this country would be defenseless against such an attack;

WHEREAS the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin should be in a position where he can defend the country in person against the impending attack of the Pope; now be it

RESOLVED by the House of Representatives of Alabama that the President of the United States be requested to appoint the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin an admiral in the navy and place him in command of the battleship West Virginia, with orders to anchor at New York harbor;

RESOLVED FURTHER that the new admiral be instructed

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upon the appearance of the Pope on the water, in the air, under the sea or in fancy—to fire unceasingly for a period of twelve hours with 16-inch shells loaded with the most deadly verbosity at the command of the admiral.

But this merry jest was received in ominous silence except for a few gleeful editorials in newspapers with wet, pro-Catholic sympathies. Mr. Heflin will continue to do his heavy firing from the floor of the Senate Chamber instead of on the bounding main. And it is just as well, for New York and the rest of the nation have already a stalwart defender in the person of the Hon. William H. Anderson, late of the Anti-Saloon League and now the dominant personality in the American Protestant Alliance. Mr. Anderson is, in fact, the parent of this new bulwark against the conspiracies of the Vatican. It was, he says, “conceived in prayer through suffering” while he languished in Sing Sing prison, “wrongfully convicted of a fake offense by Political Romanism” because of what he had “accomplished against it”. The organization was first christened the American Prohibition Protestant Patriotic Protective Alliance, or A.P.P.P.P.A., but this was shortened after a few months to the snappier American Protestant Alliance. Offices have been opened at 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, and subscriptions are beginning to pour in. Mr. Anderson is again happy; making speeches, issuing pamphlets and sending broadsides to the newspapers, just as he did back in the happy days when national prohibition was merely a dream of the ladies of the Women’s Christian Temperance Union.

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Unlike Senator Heflin and the Ku Klux Klan, however, Mr. Anderson's new brotherhood is professedly as tolerant as the pastor of a Unitarian Church. It differs from the moribund American Protective Association, whose initials were the same, in that it is "specifically not anti-Catholic" but "pro-Protestant". It does not, it is set forth, attack "the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical establishment nor any church AS A CHURCH". Its founder explains this seeming paradox as follows:

"The American Protestant Alliance believes that there are many adherents of the Roman Catholic system in America who, individually and personally, are sincere Christians and genuine patriots, and who have no comprehension of all that Political Romanism is trying to put over on their Protestant friends and neighbors—and their country. The Alliance is not shooting at them, and will not hit them, if they will refrain from insisting on moving within range and into the line of fire."

The test of whether a Catholic is contaminated by Political Romanism is very simple, Mr. Anderson reveals. If he objects to the work of the Alliance, or takes issue with its statements, it is safe to conclude that the worst is true. By protesting he has shown himself in his true colors, a villain working for the election of Al Smith, anxious to make America Catholic and placing allegiance to the Pope ahead of allegiance to Calvin Coolidge. The official definition of Political Romanism as drafted by Mr. Anderson is:

". . . the system of coöperation between professing adherents of the official Roman Catholic ecclesiastical

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establishment which wrongfully invokes, usually secretly, the spirit of religious conviction and church loyalty to further, either directly or indirectly, any Romanist purpose, usually more or less 'political' as that word is generally understood in America by Americans."

The schemes of the Political Romanists, Mr. Anderson further relates in the literature of the American Protestant Alliance, ordinarily receive "at least tacit approval from some clerical representative of that [the ecclesiastical] establishment under the pretext that it is for the benefit of the system". What Political Romanism does has also been unearthed:

"... [It] corrupts politics to perpetuate itself. It has protected and still does where it thinks that it is safe, gambling, prostitution and the liquor traffic—Hell's Trinity—in return for graft, blackmail and votes. It levies tribute on legitimate business that wishes special privilege. It spends part of the money extorted from legal and illegal business in helping the poor and ignorant and vicious, to clinch their votes, thus maintaining an all-the-year political organization.

"Through its notorious control of the police and less understood 'influence' with the courts, all out of proportion to numerical strength, it exploits crime and protects criminals to fatten on the proceeds. It seeks the mental enslavement and consents and contributes to the moral disintegration of the individual citizen that it may rise through mental blight and spiritual wreck to political domination and temporal power. Judged by its fruits it is everywhere, and always, evil."

From this outburst, which sounds suspiciously like a Republican conception of Tammany Hall (by

Up from Martyrdom

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.), Mr. Anderson continues with the remark that certain aspects of Romanism are "more diabolically clever, more insidiously sinister, more intangibly menacing, than anything else known in the world with the possible exception of some phases of Oriental occultism and mysticism". Its "adroitness and adeptness in secret mental manipulation" and in "uncanny skill in crafty utilization of the power of suggestion seem to exemplify the Black Art". "On the rare occasions when it works in the open, Romanism is cruel and ruthless." Nor is the Anderson indictment yet complete. It "wishes America to be both drunk and ignorant, because if America is sober, no large class of its population will stay ignorant; and if intelligent, even those of alien birth or parentage will not stay drunk". Its existence depends upon the liquor traffic and it knows that the swiftest "way for it to ride into national political domination is astride a beer keg, floating on what it believes to be a rising tide of rum rebellion, flying a flag that mingles the red of alcohol anarchy with the black of moral piracy". It seeks to make the Protestant clergy appear ridiculous, through stage lampooning. It has "disproportionate representation in, and grip upon, the Army and Navy and the Diplomatic Corps" and in many States has "practically absolute" control of the entire judiciary "including judges who are professedly Protestant". Romanism's influence in local elections is horrible to contemplate and it forces public utility companies to employ an undue number of its followers by "its use of its secret blackmailing power

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(threat of reduced rates, tax troubles, compulsion of unnecessary safeguards, etc.)”.

II

Nearly all of the above is quoted by permission from “A Comprehensive Introductory Working Outline” of the “Philosophy, Principles, Purpose, Policy and Program” of the American Protestant Alliance under the name of “William H. Anderson, LL.D., Founder and General Secretary”. The “outline” is a 48-page booklet printed in microscopic type and containing 60,000 words. Most of it will seem, to those who go to the labor of reading it, the most dreadful stuff ever uttered by man. Those who do not know Anderson or the class to which he makes his appeal will dismiss it as futile nonsense. They will conclude, perhaps, that the man cracked under the strain of his imprisonment and that he is now seeking revenge in the belief that his recent conviction for third degree forgery was the result of a Catholic, anti-prohibition conspiracy. They will gather that the perils set forth in so much detail and with such wearisome repetition are hallucinations swirling through the mind of a man made bitter by the knowledge that he would never have been sent to prison had it not been for his leadership of the dry crusade. They will dismiss Anderson and his brain-child with a shrug and will laugh at the ambitious program of the Alliance. This provides not only that Cardinals, Archbishops, Monsignors and (if possible) priests, as well, be required by constitutional amendment to choose between their jobs and their citizenship, but also that lay Catholics be haled

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to the public square and forced to attest in writing their disbelief in all temporal powers of the Church.

The fact is, of course, that Anderson's revelations concerning the Pope and his hired hands will be received with no small enthusiasm. He will speak, and will be heard, in a thousand dismal, gloomy communities whose only hope from a complete surrender to hopeless inferiority is continued screaming about a Nordic ancestry. He will be invited to barren, unpainted towns on Long Island, in New Jersey and elsewhere, towns whose virtues realtors have never sung and whose chance of a boom is slight. He has already made a tour of the Southern states where, to judge from newspaper clippings, he has been warmly greeted. He has spoken, within the year, at the Pillar of Fire Church in Brooklyn and at the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Atlantic City. A recent address was made at the Ocean City Tabernacle at Ocean City, N. J., and another, at a Krusaders' picnic at Freeport, L. I. Many Protestant clergymen, fearful that he is now in bad odor with the Anti-Saloon League, are reluctant to give their endorsement to his new cause. His pamphlets contain, however, brotherly messages from the Rev. Arthur M. Young, pastor of the First Baptist Church at North Syracuse, N. Y., from three gentlemen of the cloth of Port Jefferson, N. Y. and from the Rev. Cymbrid Hughes, District Superintendent for the Methodist Episcopal Church at Portland, Me. His audiences are, for the most part, the people who "live across the tracks", in the wrong part of town; who work in carpet factories and cotton mills and whose lives are a grinding treadmill

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of toil. Already these citizens have been inflamed by lurid tales of what will happen if Al Smith becomes President. They have read in the *Fellowship Forum*, the mouthpiece of the Klan and highly recommended by Anderson, of the perils of Romanism. They have bought, in some cases, a literary work entitled "In the Pillory" advertised in that journal of opinion. This is mailed "in a plain wrapper" for \$1 and is guaranteed to describe how "the Pope made it a practice to shut himself in his apartment with scantily clad females".

Mr. Anderson feels justly encouraged at the response to his appeals for funds and reports that contributions are more generous than was at first the case with the Anti-Saloon League. The financial plan of the American Protestant Alliance is, incidentally, both masterly and slick and is, obviously, one of the features conceived by him "in prayer". He has learned his lesson and does not intend that district attorneys and grand juries shall again pry into his account books. The subscription blanks, "carefully worked out with the assistance of competent legal counsel" as well as Divine guidance, provide that all gifts are made "outright" to Mary M. Odell, treasurer of the Alliance and the faithful lieutenant of Mr. Anderson in his Anti-Saloon days. In announcing his project in 1925, Anderson gave a detailed explanation:

"This precaution is for the double purpose of defense against any anti-Protestant official anywhere in the country who may demand to inspect its books on the basis of alleged complaint from some named or unnamed enemy alleging that the movement is not being

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conducted in accordance with its published purpose.

"Apparently such a plan offers the only protection against the danger of a wet, anti-Protestant conspiracy under the hypocritical profession of protecting dry Protestant contributors, to wreck a movement under pretense of saving it as soon as it becomes dangerously effective.

"On this personal basis, so long as the dry Protestants who contribute the money are satisfied with what is done with it, the transaction is no affair of any wet, anti-prohibition, snooping tool, whether public or private."

III

"A soldier who volunteers to enter the opposition lines and blow up the enemy's fortifications," said Mr. Anderson in March of 1924 as the gates of Sing Sing were about to snap shut behind him, "runs supreme risk. . . . I am, by fair analogy, prisoner of war in the hands of the enemy. . . . I am innocent of the alleged crime of which a wet jury in a hostile atmosphere voted me guilty."

For some time after his release nine months later, he played the sad but not silent rôle of martyr for all that it was worth. It is not unnatural that he did so. The Anti-Saloon League of New York had awarded his superintendent's job to another and had left him at the mercy of his enemies. He was heavily in debt. Nor had he, I think, received scrupulously fair treatment from the newspapers. The charge against him, technically so classified, had not been forgery as the public understands that crime. He was found guilty of having made a false entry in the League's books and

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that was done, so he claimed, to protect an employee. He insisted, and as far as I know this has never been disproved, that he did not profit by the transaction and that the League did not lose even the price of a mug of beer. But he decreed his own conviction when he went on the stand during the trial and said that the money involved had been a donation from a nebulous "John T. King", whom he could not produce in court and concerning whom he knew very little. This sounded, as it was, fishy to the jury, who decided to rebuke him by a verdict of guilty. The highest court in the state upheld the legality of his conviction, but Anderson issued, soon after leaving jail, a pamphlet called "Martyred for Prohibition", in which he set forth "the outrageous injustice of the Tammany conviction of William H. Anderson". All this has now, happily, changed. As his American Protestant Alliance begins to grow he denies that he wears the white robes of the falsely accused:

"A marytr is a dead one, or at best one who is through. I AM JUST STARTING. I consider what I have been through a mere incident in the finest fight any Protestant American in this generation ever had a chance to make in the interests of a common humanity."

Certainly there is nothing dead or martyred about Anderson's appearance to-day. He is cheerfully unconcerned over the smallness and stuffiness of his offices and cares not that the hosts of Protestantism are being marshaled in a building on Fifth Avenue which houses stocking shops, corsetières and hairdressers. He is still

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the large, bulky figure that he was in 1915 when he journeyed to Albany and challenged Al Smith to cease his opposition to local option legislation. His hair is just as black, or very nearly, as it was then. His mustache is just as luxuriant. His eyes become just as narrowed when he is crossed and glint with the same fanaticism when he reflects on the glories of his cause. The only sign of age is a growing flabbiness, apparent in his face and his figure. His zeal, however, has not grown flabby. This is no tolerant, good-natured, cigar-smoking reformer, willing to take a drink in private as proof of an innate he-man sportsmanship.

"I have never permitted liquor to touch my lips," he declares with a vigor that forbids any questioning of his purity.

There is no shading in this man, for all his prattle about the distinctions between Political Romanism and Catholicism. Those who disagree with him are wrong and are damned, as damned as are the flock of Harry Emerson Fosdick in the mind of John Roach Straton. Al Smith, he insists, sent his famous reply to Charles C. Marshall to the Vatican for revision. It made at least two trips to Rome, he has been credibly informed. He is not surprised or discouraged by a tendency on the part of the New York newspapers to ignore the American Protestant Alliance.

"Every New York paper has a Catholic censor on its copy desk," he has explained. "He is not officially known as such, of course. But he does his work thoroughly. Even the New York *Times* has consistently told untruths about me. It has said that I have been

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attacking the Catholic Church. This is not true and they know that it is not true."

One is somehow refreshed that in an age when it is fashionable to see both sides of every question and to have opinions on nothing, that here is a man who declines to depart from the principles that he learned in the days of his youth. It would have been easier, quite likely, for him to retire with his wound stripes after his term in the jug, to settle down to a quiet law practice. He would probably have found plenty of clients among the church people for whom he had labored so long. But the inner fires of a man like Anderson cannot be banked. Before him, in his office, is a picture of the Christ. He conceives that his new calling is, like prohibition, divine, that the Lord has called him again to battle. Here is no lessening of the faith "in God who has lifted me up till my soul can look down on the hate and malice of those who have wronged me". And despite all the bitterness in his heart he has been more of a gentleman than the Assistant District Attorney who sent him to Sing Sing and who, shown a statement given out by Anderson as he left the prison, remarked:

"We are often attacked by ex-convicts."

IV

The leader of the hosts of aridity and Protestantism was born in Carlinville, Ill., in 1874. His father was a country lawyer and his mother a devout Methodist, a good woman who came close to making a profession out of her religion and who taught her son that intoxi-

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eating drink was the root of all evil. He was a precocious youth, the records show, for at the age of ten he was winning most of the ribbons offered by the Carlinville W.C.T.U. for the best original tracts on alcoholism. William went through the public schools and attended Blackburn College, an institution of higher learning in his home town. In 1896 he was graduated from the University of Michigan and found himself a full-fledged lawyer. He might have continued to practice in the wastes of Illinois, as he did for two years in the office of his father, had it not been for the convention of the newly-formed Anti-Saloon League at Springfield. Anderson, a 32nd degree member of the Epworth League, attended the gathering in an official capacity and was deeply moved by an address from the lips of Dr. Howard W. Russell, founder of the Anti-Saloon League. Like the Apostle Paul, he saw a great light.

"I was called into the work of the Anti-Saloon League," he later declared, "by direct Divine suggestion, as clearly as any man was ever called into the regular gospel ministry."

Anderson was in his early twenties when he began the battle that was to result in the legal execution of John Barleycorn. By 1905 he was State superintendent of the Illinois League and had caused 1,000 towns to go dry by local option. After this he came to New York as associate superintendent for that wet commonwealth and soon had his courage further tested by being sent to Maryland and placed in supreme command. The Marylanders, while treating him with aloof courtesy,

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showed very little enthusiasm for his cause during the seven years of his dictatorship. His dry bills were usually defeated in both houses of the Legislature or, at the least, in one. But he battled valiantly from his headquarters in the charming city of Baltimore and hurled his thunderbolts at all the officials who opposed his holy work. Nor was his courage merely mental. One irate citizen, who had been branded a "representative of the liquor interests", crashed into Anderson's office with a black-snake whip and announced that he was going to administer a beating. But the dry crusader showed the physical strength of a godly man. He wrenched the lash from his attacker, subdued him and dragged him to the town jail, where he languished for thirty days. For one local option hearing Anderson packed eleven day coaches with followers and stormed the capitol at Annapolis. His bills may not have passed, but by the time he left in 1914 to take charge of the work in New York he had succeeded in annoying, although not converting, the citizens of Maryland. Their wet sympathies were undoubtedly due to a Catholic ancestry; the Roman Church has ever been reluctant to admit that alcohol is contrary to the will of God.

Bill Anderson was soon a familiar figure, cordially detested and greatly feared, in the cloakrooms and corridors of the dismal building that is the State Capitol at Albany, N. Y. He found the politicians of both parties suffering from vague terrors of what the Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists might do to them if they fought local option bills, and lost no time in taking advantage of these apprehensions. The Republicans

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trembled the more, naturally, because of their strength in the rural districts where the churches were more powerful than in the cities. The Tammany legislative *bloc* was openly hostile. Among those who opposed the Anti-Saloon League were Al Smith, Jimmy Walker, who has since become Manhattan's ambassador to London, Paris, Berlin and Rome, and Robert F. Wagner, now elevated to the United States Senate. Anderson has never forgiven Smith for his obstructive tactics in those days and the memory of them gives added strength to his determination that so fiendish a Political Romanist must, at all costs, be barred from the White House.

Reports of Anderson's activities in Maryland had preceded him to Albany where he was known as a hard fighter, an abusive adversary and a dry campaigner with a decided flair for personal publicity. His first stunt was to force the introduction of a bill requiring that all booze bottles be labeled with a skull and crossbones and with the legend, "This preparation contains alcohol, which is a habit-forming, irritant, narcotic poison". The bill was smothered by an outraged legislative committee, as Anderson had been perfectly well aware that it would be. His motive, and in this he was successful, was self-advertising. The politicians became even more frightened than previously and most of the churchmen who supported the Anti-Saloon League voiced satisfaction that so radical an enthusiast had arrived in New York to do battle with the liquor interests. Regarding sporadic criticisms that he was lacking in dignity, Anderson said:

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"I do not object to dignity provided it does not get in the way; but results are the acid test of any policy. I would rather have a lop-eared, splay-footed, flea-bitten mule and a dump cart that would deliver the goods than a pneumatic-tired benzine buggy that would cough and die on the first hill. I never have time to use language for the purpose of concealing thought."

He cared nothing for political parties and attacked Republicans as vigorously as Democrats when they declined to obey him. One of his first public statements branded the late William Barnes, boss of the New York G.O.P., as the leader of "the liquor end of the Republican Party". He has engaged in newspaper duels with the present Theodore Roosevelt and with that eminent Republican's father. On January 29, 1919, he received the long-awaited reward for his labors. On that day, with Jimmy Walker denouncing him in the State Senate as "the most drunken man in the state, drunk with the power that he exercises over the Republican Party", he witnessed the ratification by New York of the Eighteenth Amendment. Smith, elected Governor for his first term, mourned that "the Republican majority in the legislature has denied the people the right to speak for themselves". Al had favored a referendum on the subject.

V

Mr. Anderson offers, in the prospectus of his American Protestant Alliance, a definite and elaborate program for scotching the Romanist enemies of civilized America. The first great objective is the passage of a

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so-called "American Citizenship Amendment" to the Federal Constitution. He admits that this is not an original idea and points out that in 1810 Congress submitted the following proposal to the states:

"If any citizen of the United States shall accept, claim, receive or retain any title of nobility or honor or shall, without the consent of Congress, accept and retain any present, pension, office or emolument of any kind whatever from any Emperor, King, Prince or foreign power, such person shall cease to be a citizen of the United States and shall be incapable of holding any office of trust or profit under them or either of them."

At the time of its inception, Mr. Anderson explained, twelve of the then seventeen states had given their approval. This was just one under the number necessary for ratification. The founder of the American Protestant Alliance insists that the amendment is to-day alive and valid and that the states which have ratified cannot rescind their endorsement. He proposes to press at once for ratification in enough other states to bring the total to thirty-six. He is confident that "every Romanist Cardinal, Archbishop, Bishop, Monsignor, and perhaps every priest, and all the Knights of St. Gregory and other Papal nobility, will come under the terms of this amendment". Once it has been passed they must choose between their citizenship and their "title or office granted by a foreign power".

Like all of the high purposes of the Alliance, this is held to be in no possible manner anti-Catholic. The amendment will apply, Mr. Anderson claims, equally to

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Romanists, Protestants, Jews, Atheists and Free Thinkers. Every veteran of the A.E.F. saluted on both cheeks by a bewhiskered French general and awarded a ribbon for valor must choose between that bauble and the right of citizenship. It is possible, however, that in the case of such heroes as Col. Charles A. Lindbergh an exception will be made in the enabling act which must be passed by Congress. It is also possible that Protestants, Jews, Atheists, Free Thinkers and soldiers will be exempted.

"At all events," Mr. Anderson believes, "Lindbergh and the others will gladly give up their trinkets for the sake of the country."

The second part of the Alliance's national program is directed against aliens and, like the first, will be greeted with cheers at rallies of the Ku Klux Klan. It provides for another amendment which will eliminate aliens in apportioning Congressional districts and this, Mr. Anderson estimates, will result in a reduction "of perhaps twenty-five Congressmen largely, if not exclusively, from Political Romanist strongholds". It will also cut down the anti-Nordic representations in the Electoral College and at national conventions. In New York City, Mr. Anderson promises, from six to eight Congressmen, all of them controlled by "Political Romanist Tammany", will be done away with.

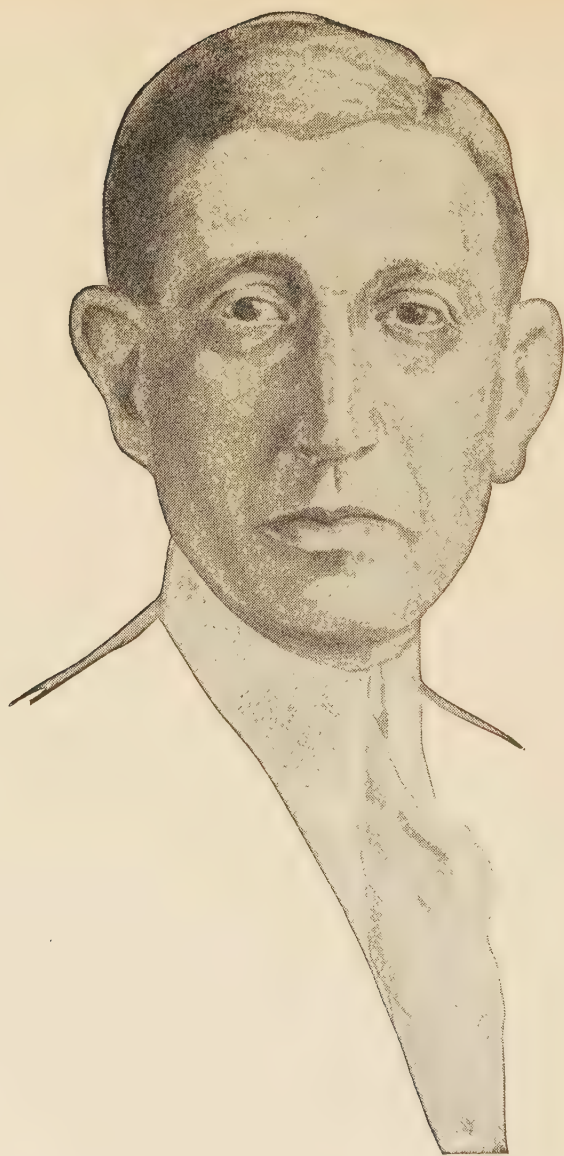
The third great idea, an outgrowth of the first section of the program, is the passage of an "Anti-Allegiance" amendment. This will decree that any person who professes, admits or retains allegiance "to any foreign organization, institution or power" claiming jurisdiction

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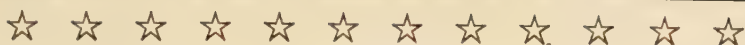
in any matter within the jurisdiction of the United States or any of the States, "shall cease to be a citizen". Catholics may, however, continue to enjoy the theoretical privileges of citizenship by repudiating "in writing, under oath, as a matter of public record, any political aspirations or claims of temporal power by any such institution".

Anderson is not, he insists, working with the Klan, except insofar as that organization of brave men is in harmony with the plans of the American Protestant Alliance. He does not intend to fight "corrupt political organizations merely because they are corrupt and vicious". He asks coöperation from the Protestant churches of America, but declines to permit dictation from them. Still terribly hurt because the Anti-Saloon League deserted him after he had gone to jail, he is willing to assist in the enforcement of prohibition because of the connection between liquor and Romanism.

Astonishing beyond all else about this man is his belief that his program of amendments and anti-Catholic legislation is perfectly practical and will, in time, be achieved. Scorn of his fellow men means nothing to him. Abuse is music in his ears. That he is sincere is not open to serious question, for he views himself as the Lord's anointed and knows that not infrequently a militant soldier is ordered to fight, at first, in solitary splendor.



CENSOR OF MORALS



THE STORY OF HOW WILL HAYS BECAME CZAR OF THE Silver Screen—Official Fixer, if you like, for the motion picture industry—is so replete with sentiment that it might well be told in scenario form. The prospect of at least \$100,000 a year did not, we are told, lure Mr. Hays from the Harding Cabinet. Nor did he, as some have unkindly hinted, take the job to boost his own Presidential aspirations. He was motivated by higher things and became head of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., because he could not resist an opportunity for Doing Good.

It was late in 1921 that a number of movie magnates waited upon Mr. Hays, then Postmaster General of the United States, to tell him their tale of woe. All was not well in the motion picture industry, they said sadly. It did not appear to have the confidence of the public. Every one was hurling malediction upon it. Unless something was done, and that very quickly, ruin might overwhelm the producers and a great art and educational force might be lost to mankind. Would not Mr. Hays use his great gifts to save the Silent Drama?

But Mr. Hays, it is said, was not greatly interested. He replied that he was not inclined to accept their offer but that he would think it over. And then, a few weeks later, he journeyed to his home at Sullivan, Indiana,

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for the Christmas holidays. While he was there, such being the subtle ways of Providence, an incident occurred which led him to change his mind. But let the story be told in his own words, as officially on file in the archives of his organization:

"It was Christmas time and I took with me some cowboy suits for my boy, Bill, then aged six, and his two cousins, aged five and eight. But did they begin playing Wild West as I anticipated they would? They did not. They immediately began to act the latest Bill Hart movie they had seen.

"A new vision of the motion pictures came to me. I saw them not only from the viewpoint of men who have millions of dollars invested, but from the viewpoint of the fathers and mothers in America who have millions of children invested".

It was thus, shaken by emotion and a lust for service, that Mr. Hays took the job; at a salary of \$100,000 a year. His purpose, he said in an inaugural statement in March of 1922, was that of "attaining and maintaining, for the motion picture industry, a high educational, moral and business plane". The watchwords, he said, were "Confidence and Coöperation". There must be a "coalesced industry". He proposed "to make a happy family of the motion picture people and their patrons". There must be "Confidence and Coöperation between the industry and the public".

"I thank God," he said, "that the day has passed in this country when any one can sell a gold brick to the people."

"Above all," he added, "is our duty to the youth. We

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must have toward that sacred thing, the mind of a child, toward that clean and virgin thing, that unmarked slate—we must have toward that the same sense of responsibility, the same care about the impression made upon it, that the best teacher or the best clergyman, the most inspired teacher of youth, would have.”

Before nine months had passed Mr. Hays consented to reinstatement for Fatty Arbuckle, whose pictures had been withdrawn following his connection with the death of a young girl. It had been the movie colony's nastiest scandal. But the new dictator remarked that Arbuckle's conduct had been “exemplary” for eight months and that forgiveness was given “in the spirit of Christmas”. The public had not yet learned to appreciate its supervisor of morals, however, and a howl of protest arose. Club women and ministers, later to be soothed to tranquillity by honeyed phrases from the lips of Will Hays, held mass meetings and drew up petitions. Even Mr. Hays' Committee on Public Relations, just brought into being, turned against him and Arbuckle was forced to remain in obscurity.

Hays has enormous influence, although he denies this and says that embargoes against plays and books are enforced solely through “coöperation”, regarding what appears on the screen. He supervises, in this way, the morals not only of millions of Americans but of people in nearly every other part of the world. And he is, as far as I am able to learn, very little interested in the motion picture itself, in books, in plays, in any other form of art or near-art. The producers for whom he is spokesman receive, as far as he is concerned, slight en-

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couragement in their occasional, but sometimes amazingly successful, attempts to produce pictures that are really worth while. I doubt that Hays has ever pondered the vast possibilities inherent in motion pictures. He is quite untouched by such matters for they are not, as he sees it, part of his job.

His zeal in barring extreme salaciousness is based on the universal motion picture terror of further censorship, federal or state. He was hired—hokum aside—to block additional government supervision, to tame radical spirits among the producers, to prevent trade practices which cause expensive litigation, to use his influence as an important politician of the party in power, to utter all manner of bromidic bunk and thereby quiet the nerves of a public beginning to view the industry with alarm. It was also his job, it is whispered along Broadway, to prevent the Actors' Equity Association from organizing motion picture actors and extras.

Will Hays has done all these things and has earned, thereby, the frantic gratitude of his employers. It cannot be denied, of course, that his position to-day is less Olympian than before a Senate committee asked so many embarrassing questions concerning the donations of Harry F. Sinclair. His shining face was missing when the G.O.P. gathered at Kansas City. Even the New York *Herald Tribune* has editorially remarked that Hays' "evasion of the law and the truth has been deplorable". Under the caption, "The Man Who Tamed Hollywood", the Detroit *News* recently published a cartoon showing a short-skirted flapper labeled "The Movies" and a battered replica of Will Hays.

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His coat is torn, his collar awry. His hat is a wreck.

"Well, Mr. Hays," the pert young woman is remarking, "they must have thrown quite a rough party in Hollywood."

But no matter how much he may be criticized Mr. Hays will continue, beyond much doubt, to be Czar of the Movies and official arbiter of screen morals. His new contract, increasing his annual compensation to \$150,000, was negotiated only two years ago and runs to 1936. It is signed, or so the story goes, not only by the officers of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., but also by many of the important movie magnates as individuals. Each, therefore, is personally liable.

It is possible, of course, that Mr. Hays may find it more difficult in the future to talk unendingly about "Confidence and Coöperation". The public-at-large may be slightly less inclined to listen to his speeches on the purely altruistic purposes of the industry, on its honor and noble aims. Although no word of it ever reaches the newspapers, a few producers in the Hays organization are resentful of his methods and it is possible that one of these will defy his embargoes against salaciousness. His work may, in brief, be complicated by new difficulties. But Will Hays will remain the slightly soiled dress shirt of the industry.

II

Will Hays is explainable only in light of the fact that he was born of the Indiana political system; a system bitter in its practicality, bitter in its competition and

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hostilities and smooth in its well-oiled (the phrase has no reference to Teapot Dome) efficiency. The fairies who hovered over the cradle of the infant Will endowed him with vast energy, sharpness and a capacity, unusual even among those destined for the political game, for underestimating the public intelligence. He was born in Sullivan, Indiana, on November 5, 1879 and is, like so many former residents of the state, a professional Hoosierite. He goes back to Sullivan frequently, although, it is said, rural life bores him to tears and he yearns for the fascinations of Manhattan throughout his visits. Hays *père* was a lawyer and both the sons, christened William Harrison and Hinkle, were destined for the law. Will, as our hero prefers to be known, was sent to Wabash College at Crawfordsville, known locally as "The Athens of Indiana" because of the scholarship which ran riot there. It was a sound, God-fearing Presbyterian school and four years within its classic halls deepened in Will Hays an innate churchly bent. Despite his varied activities he has been a faithful member of the Presbyterian Church and some years ago was elevated to the rank of elder by the brethren in Sullivan. His prominence as a Presbyterian has not impaired his usefulness to the motion picture industry. On the contrary, it basked in reflected good-will when Hays managed a Presbyterian pension fund campaign and received columns of publicity. He was even more successful in obtaining money for his church than he had been in getting funds, from Sinclair and others, for the Republican Party.

The political life of Will Hays started when he at-

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tained his majority in 1900. He was admitted to the Bar in that year and served as precinct committeeman for the Republican organization of Sullivan. During the next decade, having formed a law partnership with his brother, he held various state and county political posts and from 1910 to 1913 was city attorney for his home town. In 1914 he became state chairman and in 1918, so swift was his rise, chairman of the Republican National Committee. In that capacity he campaigned actively for the election of a Republican Congress to confound the growing and perilous internationalism of Woodrow Wilson. His energy was tremendous. He spent fifty-nine consecutive nights on Pullman cars and his fame as a go-getting and exceedingly smart young hustler spread far and wide.

The dreadful bilge which Hays can utter as head of the movies is no more dreadful than that of his stumping days. He has always shown, whether he realizes it or not, vast contempt for the public intelligence. The G.O.P., later to be known as the Grand Oil Party, saw in 1919 that victory was fairly certain to rest on its banners in the approaching presidential campaign. And Will Hays was soon holding forth on the "revived spirit of fervent Americanism which is the glorified result of our experience of fire and blood". He sounded, too, a new slogan of Republicanism: "Live and Help Live". This was followed out to the letter in the years that followed—but with dubious judgment regarding those aided. Among other glowing statements made by Hays in 1919 and 1920 were:

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"With a vision of the country's mission and with the highest sense of justice for all men, Republicans will keep their eyes always ahead, but will keep their feet always on solid ground."

* * * *

"If a political party does not stand for those things which will bear the severest scrutiny, it is not entitled to success and will not endure."

* * * *

"There is no zone of twilight in politics or public affairs. Right is right, wrong is wrong, and the same strict standards of morals, equity and justice must obtain as in any private business or professional matter."

* * * *

"We fight for the faith of the fathers of our Republic—for the perpetual freedom of the sons and daughters of America. This election far transcends any partisan affair. There will be new glory for the Stars and Stripes on the morning of November 3."

* * * *

"The supreme motive of the Republican party is honest, unselfish, patriotic and intelligent effort to promote and safeguard the best interest of the Republic and its citizens."

* * * *

"I know nothing of subterfuge in politics."

* * * *

I have, however, no desire to embarrass Mr. Hays by quoting further from his idealistic speeches. The pre-

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dicament in which he found himself last spring was due, primarily, to a mistake he had made in organizing the financial details of the 1920 campaign. And this, like everything else which has motivated him, was done with the Best Intentions. He announced that no contribution of "more than \$1,000 would be accepted", and that all checks larger than this would be returned. Mr. Hays resented, he made it clear, insinuations that the G.O.P. campaign chests were normally filled by representatives of Big Business seeking favors. He proposed to show that the widow's mite was just as acceptable. It has since been revealed, of course, that Albert D. Lasker, later made chairman of the Shipping Board by President Harding, was successful in forcing a \$25,000 gift—"made in cash because politicians seem to prefer it that way"—down the throats of the committee. This contribution did not, strangely enough, appear on the party books and came to light only through Senator Walsh's questioning. Many G.O.P. supporters, may, however, have taken the \$1,000 limitation seriously. At all events there was a whacking deficit after Mr. Harding had moved into the White House.

III

It was inevitable that Mr. Hays should be chosen for Harding's cabinet, there to sit in splendor with Messrs. Fall, Denby and Daugherty. And it was eminently fitting that his post should be that of Postmaster General. No other cabinet member needs political training as does this one and Hays was a huge success. He pulled wires in the old Indiana manner. He transferred

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the phrases of his campaign speeches to the work of the Post Office Department and scurried around impressing business men with his great ability as an executive. He did, in fact, speed up the post office service and a grateful nation applauded. The movie barons were among those stunned by his genius and so he escaped from the cabinet before the oil scandals broke.

Nothing, I am sure, could have been further from the thoughts of Will Hays in 1923 than politics. As President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. he was engaged in reforming Hollywood and in perfecting plans whereby the churches, the press, the schools and all other factors of American life were to give their support. He had taken magnificent offices on Fifth Avenue and was an inspiring picture of a snappy executive. Discreet secretaries surrounded him. The stenographers and other lady employees seemed to have been imported from Hollywood, so beautiful were they. Etchings on the walls added to the restful and refined atmosphere of the reception rooms. Hays added, month by month, to his reputation as a "human dynamo". Visitors calling upon him were constantly impressed by his nonchalant instructions to "get Mr. Lasky at Hollywood for me, please". He was a long-distance telephone addict and a call to Chicago or the Pacific Coast meant no more to him than one to Brooklyn by a resident of Manhattan.

Mr. Hays was not, though, a man to shrink from responsibility. Happily Doing Good, he listened when Republican leaders came and lugubriously reminded him that a large deficit still existed on the party books. One

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or two crude fellows were nasty enough to point out that it was all his fault; that he had conceived the silly notion of announcing the \$1,000 limitation and had spent entirely too much money when it had been obvious that Harding would win even on the smallest of budgets. Thus aroused, Will Hays went to his friend, Harry F. Sinclair. Knowing nothing of the oil leases at the time, he had consented to receive \$260,000 from the capitalist.

This was not, however, the story told by Mr. Hays when, in 1924, the Senate committee first got on the trail of gifts by Sinclair. He then said it was grotesque to imagine that Sinclair could have given a large sum. Ridiculous! The "most he could possibly have given" was \$75,000. Four years afterwards the trail of oil became more clear. Again Hays was called to Washington and this time he admitted that Sinclair had turned over \$260,000 in Liberty Bonds. How, asked Mr. Walsh, did he reconcile this admission with the earlier one that only \$75,000 had been given? Well, said the dress shirt of the movies, he had not been asked about *bonds*. But had not the original \$75,000 also been in bonds? Well, yes, but only that much of the \$260,000 total had been a gift. The rest was merely a loan.

The details of how Hays used the Sinclair bonds to force contributions from Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and from others have been told and retold. The story will be the theme of Democratic campaign orations for years to come. Stripped of its many complexities, the scheme was to give or offer blocks of Sinclair bonds to prominent men and receive, in return, the

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equivalent in cash. This enabled the Republican Committee to keep its books clear of excessive Sinclair donations, which might look queer in the light of the Teapot Dome scandal. The story is not yet complete and doubtless, as additional leads develop, Hays will again be summoned. The plan is certainly interesting, at all events, for those who desire to understand Will Hays. One recalls his windy statements to the effect that "right is right, wrong is wrong", "I know nothing of subterfuge in politics", "if a political party does not stand for those things which will bear the closest scrutiny, it is not entitled to success". And Mr. Hays sent all those in the hearing room into guffaws of laughter when, in the course of his testimony before the Senate committee, he said to Senator Walsh:

"Let's not get technical."

IV

Nothing of all this, it will be recalled, had come to light when Mr. Hays was summoned from the Post Office Department in 1922 to inject respectability into the movies. I do not question, of course, that three small boys and their cowboy suits persuaded Mr. Hays, as I outlined at the beginning of this appreciation, to take the job. But there are, too, other fascinating details behind the negotiations and these are set forth by Mr. Terry Ramsaye in his scholarly work on the history of motion pictures, "A Million and One Nights". The book was written without the coöperation of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. and it is said that Mr. Hays believes the attitude of Mr. Ramsaye

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was none too friendly. The facts have not, however, been contradicted.

The connection of Will Hays with the silver screen really dates from 1919. As Republican National Chairman he was looking ahead to 1920 and was anxious to see that the G.O.P. presidential candidate, whoever he might be, received fair treatment in the news reels. Thus engaged, he met an old buddy, Charles C. Pettijohn. Mr. Pettijohn, although a Democrat and former henchman of Tom Taggart, had long been a friend of Hays. They had breathed the pure, sweet, new-mown-hay fragrant air of Indiana together. Pettijohn had been an Indianapolis attorney and politician. He had later come East to act as counsel for several motion picture producers and he assisted his fellow Hoosierite in meeting the important ones. The producers, Mr. Ramsaye relates, were very much impressed by the Republican chairman. Particularly was this true after he had swept Mr. Harding into office—and they pleaded with him to get into their game. But Hays was going to Washington and declined.

Then came the Arbuckle case and other unpleasant incidents. Federal censorship loomed closer and the producers decided that they needed a Landis, whose reputation for honesty had white-washed the baseball industry. At this point, Mr. Ramsaye declares, Pettijohn whispered that Hays was the man for the job. The producers felt that he was, indeed. He was a cabinet officer and knew all manner of telephone numbers in Washington. He moved among the Great. So they offered \$100,000 a year and pledged that they

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would bow their necks to his imperious will. Hays took office in March of 1922 and Mr. Pettijohn joined the organization as Chief Aide.

The energetic Hoosierite at once began battle against state censorship. He is credited, having been assisted by Pettijohn, with having blocked supervision in the state of Massachusetts. Those agitating for federal control seemed to lose interest in their battle. While so engaged, Hays also informed the producers that they must, as the phrase is, "clean house". Some were inclined, he told them, to step beyond the bounds of propriety. This must stop! It is this rôle as supervisor of morals which gives Hays, it is my theory, greatest importance. Censorship does not exist as such, of course, in his organization. Purity of the screen is achieved through what is known as "the Hays formula". Under this any producer must send any questionable book, play or story offered him to Mr. Hays. If the Czar or his assistants believe that the public good demands suppression it is barred. Notice to that effect is sent to all the members of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. who comprise about 90 per cent of the industry and who control not only nearly all production but, through the theaters owned, much of the exhibition of films as well.

More than 200 plays and books, Mr. Hays has boasted, have been forbidden through the smooth operation of the formula. The purpose of his organization is to "prevent the prevalent type of book and play from becoming the prevalent type of motion picture". In line with this a long list of Don'ts and Be Carefuls have

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been drafted for the guidance of producers. Were all of these followed to the letter not a single picture could be released. They are, of course, violated constantly. The Don'ts include "Pointed" profanity (including Gawd, Hell and many other terms). Actors are forbidden even to speak these terms while before the camera; it is always possible that lip readers will be in the audience. Other don'ts specify "licentious nudity", "white slavery", "miscegenation" and "ridicule of the clergy".

The list of subjects regarding which producers must "be careful" is all-embracing. One of the most important is an injunction against showing violations of the prohibition law unless the plot of the story makes this essential. Mr. Hays has made a personal plea in behalf of this canon. Others in the list are "sympathy for criminals", "arson", "sedition", "the institution of marriage", "excessive or lustful kissing". Too, the Czar is a firm believer that the motion picture "spreads goodwill for America" and he frowns upon scenarios in which any other nation is slighted.

Within the last year, particularly since the Sinclair developments, producers have been vastly excited over the production of "Sadie Thompson" by Miss Gloria Swanson. This is the short story on which Mr. Somerset Maugham's play, "Rain", was based. When it became known that Miss Swanson was to produce "Sadie Thompson" there were frantic demands to be told how permission had been obtained from the Czar. The Broadway version, emphatically denied by spokesmen for Mr. Hays, is that Miss Swanson chanced to be seated

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next to the movie over-lord at a luncheon. Would he object, she is said to have asked, to a movie based on a story by Mr. Maugham? It was called "Sadie Thompson". Mr. Hays said he had no objection. Why should he have? "Will you make that official in the morning?" Miss Swanson went on.

"It's official now," Hays is said to have answered in the presence of several other guests.

So widespread is the acceptance of this legend that other producers are said to be pondering similar experiments. "Sadie Thompson" has turned out to be a great financial success. Such proscribed and bawdy plays and books as Michael Arlen's "Green Hat" and Miss Kennedy's "Constant Nymph" may soon appear. Sidney Howard's play, "They Knew What They Wanted", has been shown in a Broadway theater within the last week or so although, it is said, it had been held on the producers' shelves for months.

Refuting all this, the publicity men of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. point to a clause of the "Hays' formula". Under this a forbidden book or play may be reconsidered after the offensive scenes have been stricken out. But if produced it must be given another title. In confirmation they show that the movie version of "Rain" was called "Sadie Thompson". The minister of the play became a social worker. So with "They Knew What They Wanted"; the title was changed and the bootlegger became an orange grower.

Mr. Hays believes all these rules and regulations entirely just. Little interested, as I have suggested, in

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the drama or books or any other art, he sees the motion picture as a vast industry. He often remarks that it must "protect morons" likely to be influenced by what they see in the theater. Meanwhile, he spreads friendship and good-will. He constantly makes speeches and these are reminiscent of those of his political days. They are similarly filled with hokum. "The motion picture," he once said, "is the epitome of civilization and the quintessence of what we mean by America."

A large staff of assistants reads newspapers and magazines with meticulous care. When an editor criticizes the screen he is sent, in a very short time, a form letter from Mr. Hays setting him straight. When one praises the Silent Drama he receives a communication expressing gratitude. The Hays organization is the place where all those with complaints or grievances or ideas may come. None is turned away without a hearing. Many are ushered into the presence of the Czar. Mr. Hays is always willing to coöperate and always promises that **Something Will Be Done**.

That it takes him a long time to get around to it is due, no doubt, to the fact that he is so very busy.



THE JANITOR'S BOY



AS IN THE CASE OF DR. ROYAL S. COPELAND, WHO WRITES *Health Hints* for Mr. Hearst and is a United States Senator on the side, the elevation of Robert F. Wagner of New York was a political accident. He owes his election in 1926 to the habitual popularity of Al Smith and to the fact that Senator Jim Wadsworth made the fatal error of thinking that his rural constituency votes as it drinks. But unlike the case of Copeland the victory of Senator Wagner was a happy accident. If it is true that his cerebral processes are slow, it is also true that he is thorough. He may be smirched with the taint of Tammany Hall, but he has never played practical politics any more than was strictly necessary. He brings to the upper house of Congress a high measure of intelligence, a sympathy for the masses that does not sour to demagoguery and a talent for hard work.

Patriotic Americans who rejoice in the great national True Story, "Rags to Riches", have found satisfaction in the knowledge that Wagner landed in this country an eight-year-old immigrant boy from Germany. He grew to young manhood the son of an East Side janitor—not the lower East Side of pushcarts, kosher and garlic, but the cleanly German one of lebküchen and leberwurst in the northerly Yorkville section. Having mastered the language of his new country Bob Wagner

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studied law, and through industry and his deference to the obligations of party politics he became in succession Assemblyman, State Senator, Lieutenant-Governor and Justice of the Supreme Court. To-day, save for a love of partridge smothered in sauerkraut, a personal as well as political regret that light wines and beer are no more, and a devotion to the Wagnerian opera, all traces of his Teutonic origin have vanished. He became a citizen, of course, years before the late war to end wars. Now he has been sworn into that awesome body, the Senate of the United States, where, to paraphrase an old wise-crack, the members cannot possibly be as wise as they look. Since Wagner is of alien birth it is the highest national office to which he can aspire and the new Senator from New York might have been forgiven, perhaps, if in the flood of publicity which followed his election he had uttered platitudes about the virtues of boyhood work and how success ever follows in the wake of industry. Quite the contrary.

"I've had a lot of luck," he said. "I don't think it's good for boys to work hard. At least, I know it didn't do me any good." It may, perhaps, be the thought of Gus, his older brother, that gives Wagner this reluctance to offer the usual formulæ. Gus is, now, just the sort of obscure person that the Senator might be but for certain factors not of his making. A few years ago an attorney roamed the corridors of the Supreme Court in the Bronx looking for Justice Wagner, then sitting in that remote jurisdiction. He turned a corner and came upon a short, stocky man with a sharp nose, graying hair and furrows around his eyes.

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"About that motion you signed, Judge—" he began.

"Oh, I'm not the Judge," came the answer in a voice of decidedly Germanic flavor. "I'm just Gus Wagner, his brother. I'm a court attendant. The Judge is on the bench in Part III."

It was Gus Wagner who went down to Castle Garden on a snowy Christmas Eve in 1886 to meet Bob, his younger brother. And it was Gus who advanced the necessary cash, from his wages as cook at the New York Athletic Club, for incidental expenses at the College of the City of New York, for tuition at the New York Law School and for subsequent deficits of an embryo practice. In the years that followed Bob became prominent while Gus could boast only a feebly reflected glory. The brothers look amazingly alike. Not only are their features similar but they have similar mannerisms—an almost identical way of throwing back their heads when they speak. Gus, though, somehow seems vague and indefinite in outline beside his distinguished brother; he might be the image of "The Judge" reflected from the depths of an ancient mirror. Such is the difference between life at \$17,500 a year, the salary of a Justice of the Supreme Court, and at \$2,500, the wages of a court attendant.

Primarily, of course, it was an instinct for personal advancement that caused Bob to grow. Graduating from law school at the turn of the century, he decided upon a political career. Then, even more than now, it was possible to fly to fame on winged words and Wagner went in for oratory. His early orations were in the 22nd Assembly District in Yorkville, and described the

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greatness of the local leader, the greatness of the city and the greatness of Tammany Hall—chiefly the last. Building up a law practice at the same time, he was in 1905 sent to the Assembly. There he found a friend in a young man with a nasal twang who, also, came from Manhattan and was a Tammany regular. Five years later another Wigwam legislator joined them and the three, Al Smith, Bob Wagner and Jimmy Walker became Three Musketeers for Charles F. Murphy, Boss of the Wigwam.

It was typical of Wagner in those days, as of Tammany Hall's particular stars at all times, that he did brilliant work, succeeded in having many good bills passed, assisted in the passage of some bad ones, and rarely questioned the authority of Fourteenth Street. He supported labor and welfare legislation, popular election of United States Senators and the federal income tax amendment. He was the author of the first state conservation act and did what he could to free New York City from the domination of upstate Republicans. He rarely opposed measures designed to "help the boys".

In 1911, by this time having been advanced to the State Senate, he was able to remark without a smile that Murphy, "adhering to his long established policy, has not attempted to influence the Legislature in any way". The New York *World* printed this statement with great glee and also the even more remarkable one of Al Smith. "Mr. Murphy," said Al, "is no more interested in the Legislature than any other good Democrat."

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It was loyalty beyond all other virtues that Tammany rewarded. Wagner became, with Smith, Jim Foley, Walker, Jeremiah Mahoney (his law partner) and others, one of "Murphy's young men". This meant they were destined to go far in public life. Wagner was swiftly made majority leader of the Senate, Lieutenant-Governor upon the impeachment of Governor Sulzer, and in 1918, a Justice of the Supreme Court. It is greatly to his credit that when he was elected to the bench he immediately suppressed any remaining tendencies toward oratory that he may have had, so much so that during his eight years of service he quite forgot the art and was a sad disappointment when he campaigned for Senator.

Wagner has lived for years in a six-room flat at Eighty-sixth Street and Second Avenue and insists that he does not mind the roar of the elevated past his windows. So certain has he been that he would not desert Yorkville that he has spent several thousand dollars decorating the place, for which he pays a rental of \$1,100 a year. His household is now a rather lonely one, for his wife died in 1919, and his son, Bob, seventeen and his only child, is away for most of the year at the Taft School. Wagner's tastes are simple. He plays golf a good deal, not too well. He says that he likes to walk over to Fifth Avenue and "sit in the park". He goes to the Metropolitan Opera House once a week.

Most of his leisure is devoted to reading. In late years Bob Wagner has not been a particularly social person. It was his wife, Irish and a Roman Catholic, who gave the light touch of hospitality to the home.

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Since her death he has buried himself in law books, in biography and history. Originally a Lutheran, Wagner's church affiliations were never very definite and some Tammany men, forgetting his German origin, believed him a Catholic. He might have capitalized this as a definite political asset, had he been so inclined, as did the late Justice Wauhope Lynn.

Judge Lynn, known far and wide as "Warwhoop", was an Ulsterite, a Protestant, a "Church Burner". But he was also a Sachem of Tammany Hall and thereby a man of liberal views. He was one of the spellbinders of the local Democracy and his tolerance in ecclesiastical matters enabled him to make frenzied orations, when invited, at meetings of the Knights of Columbus and other Catholic rallies. It was a bit of a shock to many of his associates when eventually they put on their top hats and black gloves to attend his funeral and found that it was being held in a Presbyterian church.

It has been remarked that the duties of a Judge require "not the administration of justice but of the law". Such a theory—and, on the whole, its accuracy can hardly be questioned—made life difficult for Wagner, but he succeeded in steering a middle course between decisions based on a literal interpretation of the law and those based on the merits of the individual case. He studied the relevant cases with thoroughness and adapted them, as best he could, to the particular matter before him. As a judge, he was generally considered by the legal profession to have been above the average, a conscientious and hard working member of the Bench.

A kindly man, it would have distressed him to preside

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at criminal trials. He has imagination enough to view with repugnance the duty of sentencing men to jail or worse. Fortunately for his peace of mind, his contacts with the criminal law were slight. The chief exception was the time in 1923 when he was designated by Governor Smith for the trial of Walter S. Ward, who pleaded self-defense and a blackmail plot for having killed an obscure youth up near the Kensico watershed in Westchester County. The trial was held in the marble court house at White Plains, and I had never before seen a judge give the absorbed, conscientious and painstaking attention that Justice Wagner gave. He sat up most of two nights preparing his charge to the jury.

When, at the end, the jury shambled in to report its verdict the usual stern orders against a demonstration were issued. But the finding that Ward was innocent brought the inevitable outburst of applause and Wagner made no effort to suppress it. To some onlookers it seemed as though a great weight had been lifted from the Judge's shoulders.

It would, however, be not only unfair but inaccurate to hint that the heart of the jurist ruled his head. The records show that he was rarely reversed by the Appellate Division. Not long before he went to Washington he was, himself, elevated to the Appellate Division.

Tammany Hall, aware of his increasing prestige, at various times urged him to run for Governor and other offices. He preferred, though, to remain on the bench. In 1924 it was chiefly his religion that saved him from succeeding Murphy: Tammany hesitates at having other than a Catholic for its Boss. When the Hall dumped

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Mayor Hylan and began to look for a candidate, Wagner's name was again mentioned. This office, it is said, appealed to him and he might have encouraged the boom had he not heard that Jimmy Walker was even more anxious for the nomination. When he learned of this he promptly sailed for Europe and left the field clear to Jimmy.

Chosen by his party for the United States Senate, Wagner declared frankly that he was flattered and it was because of this, and because he believed it a Democratic year, that he accepted the nomination. He did not distinguish himself during the campaign, but Al Smith's vote-getting talents and Wadsworth's perfidy to the drys were enough to bring him victory. While waiting to take his seat at Washington he labored hard and long to master the various problems which he would face. During the first session he did not show any unusual merit but he worked hard and prayed for the nomination and election of Smith. With Smith in the White House, he would become one of the most important men in Washington. And if his legislative accomplishments were not great, Wagner demonstrated, at least, that he did not propose to talk about anything until he knew his subject. It was months before he said anything at all. His silence was in marked contrast to the loquacity of his fellow Senators.



CHEERFUL UNCLE WILBUR



FOR SOME REASON, WHICH NO ONE SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND, the President of the United States usually has difficulty in obtaining a Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Coolidge, who hates picking cabinet officers almost as much as wearing cowboy costumes, was forced in March of 1924 to find a successor to Mr. Edwin Denby, whose ill health made necessary his resignation from the disintegrating Harding Cabinet. One afternoon, at a session with the newspaper correspondents, the President admitted that he had been unsuccessful.

"You know a lot of big men," he said. "Give me some names."

The correspondents, somewhat flattered, indiscreetly printed stories to the effect that the President had asked them to aid in this important task. Immediately, throughout the country, newspaper owners and publishers began telegraphing their Washington men to "put over" a prominent citizen from the home town. Among those who did this was Harry Chandler, of the Los Angeles *Times*. Why not, he demanded, Curtis D. Wilbur, of California? Here was a tried and true Republican from a State whose support was always welcome in Presidential years. He was Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, long active in public work, a former leader of the Boy Scouts, the teacher of a huge

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Bible class, and, although this was not included among the arguments for his appointment, the author of two volumes of bedtime stories—one called “The Bear Family at Home” and the other, a later work, “Johnny and His Green Vest”. He had lived, a fact pregnant with meaning to those who know their California, in both Los Angeles and San Francisco. He was, moreover, a graduate of the Naval Academy. None of the other correspondents had a candidate with such overwhelming qualifications, and Coolidge wired Wilbur to come East.

“Who in Sam Hill,” every one at Washington asked, “is Curtis D. Wilbur?”

He was by no means unknown among the oldsters of the Navy, however; and an occasional gold-braided admiral with a swivel-chair job in the Navy Department Building on B Street must have slapped his knee and uttered a seagoing oath of pleasure. For here, he felt certain, was a man with the “Navy point of view”, who would refrain from landlubberly questions about technical problems. He might, it was conceivable, even be counted upon to block periodic impertinences in the form of civilian inquiries and to appeal to the President to stop Congressional investigations which might endanger the naval motto, “All’s well”.

Curtis Dwight Wilbur had been graduated from Annapolis with the class of 1888. He had been hitch-kick champion during his midshipman days, touching with his toe a tambourine at the unprecedented height of nine feet one inch. A tablet in the Academy gymnasium still marks the spot where this historic event took place. He had not, it is true, accepted a commission after gradua-

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tion, but had headed for the West to become a lawyer. His experience at sea had been limited to student cruises. He had, though, kept up his Navy contacts and often visited the fleet when it was in Pacific waters. His arrival at Washington, it was happily predicted, would be virtually a class reunion; for Admirals Charles F. Hughes, S. S. Robison, Robert E. Coontz, and Edward W. Eberle had been at Annapolis during the same years. All were members of the High Command.

So Mr. Wilbur came to Washington.

II

Few men in public life, even among those who have been members of a Presidential Cabinet, have been so unfortunate in their formal and informal statements. A well-meaning gentleman of unquestioned integrity, Mr. Wilbur no sooner opens his mouth than something occurs to demonstrate that he is speaking without adequate knowledge, too hastily, upon misinformation, or contrary to the policies of his chief, Calvin Coolidge. He seems constantly to be in hot water, sometimes through no fault of his own, and is repeatedly being lambasted by the editorial writers. Their criticisms hurt rather than anger him, however, and he keeps on talking.

Meanwhile the United States Navy begins to approach in efficiency that of the Republic of Switzerland. Coolidge economy, which Mr. Wilbur has never strenuously opposed, has reduced the personnel until "it is seriously affecting the efficiency of the operations of the United States Fleet". Several cruisers now in service "are beyond their allotted span of years". The

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"necessity of reducing the expenditure of small-arms ammunition . . . operated unfavorably against the Scouting and Battle Fleets". About "60 per cent of the destroyers have required repairs, either emergency or routine," during the year. There is a "deficiency of torpedoes". The "battleships have been maintained in about the same material condition" as at the beginning of 1926. Such are Mr. Wilbur's conclusions in his 1927 report. Hardly a submarine in the fleet, one might add, is adequate in design or speed for war service.

And now Congress is being asked to spend \$725,000,-000 in five years for new ships and as much as \$75,000,-000 more for repairs. A nation still aroused over the sinking of the S-4 is reminded that there have been eighteen major naval accidents (not counting the loss of the Shenandoah, which was a Navy dirigible) since September of 1923—accidents that have cost 86 lives, total destruction of twelve ships, and \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,-000. Thirteen of the eighteen accidents, including all of those mostly costly in human life, occurred during the Wilbur régime. Only five vessels were lost during the World War, and the Navy is learning that peace with Coolidge and Wilbur in command is hell.

Government circles in Washington, whose credo is that any Secretary of the Navy is certain to be amusing, are constantly circulating the latest story regarding Mr. Wilbur—and the anecdotes usually concern his most recent speech, press release, or other uttered remark. The most famous of all, one which has lost none of its popularity through age, refers to an ill-fated trip to the Pacific coast in the fall of 1924. Mr. Wilbur, having

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been in office for but six months, was unaware of the extent to which Mr. Coolidge's love for economy recoiled from naval appropriations. He was standing for "a 100 per cent Navy, equal to that of any other Power," was highly elated over his appointment, and was ready to give his views on almost anything.

There was therefore some cause for apprehension when he arrived in San Francisco to make several speeches. His first public address contained criticisms of certain features of the Volstead Act, at the moment as "sacred" to the Coolidge Administration as it now is to Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York. Within a day or two Mr. Wilbur protested that he had been misquoted. Then he appeared before the Chamber of Commerce and pointed out that the fleet had been shifted from the Atlantic to the Pacific to take care of future wars. He said, in part:

"America should be prepared to resist aggression and interference with her internal affairs by any foreign Power opposed to the methods and purposes of our civilization. There are times when the language of diplomacy must be spoken by tongues of steel. There are times when the only arguments to which men will listen are the arguments pronounced from the mouths of guns. . . . There is nothing so cooling to a hot temper as a piece of cold steel".

This was somewhat crude, and several newspapers in Tokyo took editorial cognizance of what the American Cabinet officer had said. President Coolidge, seated at his desk in Washington, read the press clippings placed before him. It was not, however, until he saw an ad-

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vance copy of a speech scheduled for Denver, Colorado, that he became aroused, transformed from a cool and silent statesman to a very mad little Yankee. Mr. Wilbur had planned to express approval of the League of Nations and admiration for the work of President Wilson. And this with a Presidential campaign under way!

"Tell him to come home," Mr. Coolidge is supposed to have growled. "Tell him to take an airplane."

The President, according to sophisticated Washington gossip, did not mean the airplane part literally. It was said in sardonic jest. But a member of the executive staff telegraphed Mr. Wilbur that his presence in Washington was imperative, and that the President had ordered him thither at once. Whereupon the Secretary of the Navy telephoned frantically all over California for a plane, hopped into it, soared after the Overland Limited, which had already left, and arrived, hot and panting, in Washington. He explained to newspaper men that he was needed on "urgent naval matters".

He was, however, kept waiting for several days before being received at the White House, and good taste demands that a veil be drawn over what took place. Mr. Wilbur remained in Washington, at all events, until Mr. Coolidge had been safely reëlected, and from that day his speeches have been in harmony with the philosophies of the President.

In other respects, though, he has repeatedly been in trouble. When "What Price Glory?" opened in New York, he remarked that its language was no longer typical of "a navy made clean" and was gently kidded for his naïveté. When the Shenandoah was wrecked

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over Ohio, having been ordered to fly into thunderstorms to boost State fairs and the Republican Party, he flatly contradicted the widow of its commander, who said that her husband had protested against the flight. He had never seen, it turned out, letters in the files of the Navy Department supporting Mrs. Lansdowne's contention. When a naval arsenal in New Jersey was struck by lightning, causing a score of deaths and \$80,000,000 in destruction, Mr. Wilbur insisted that "all known precautions had been taken". He learned, too late, that the commandant of the arsenal had complained regarding lack of adequate safeguards. Similarly, when two aviators flying to Honolulu believed that they could not go on, the Secretary of the Navy rebuked them for having annoyed the naval vessels in the vicinity, and demanded to know why they had not sent another radio canceling the call for assistance. He was then informed, having managed to appear quite silly, that the plane's wireless had gone dead immediately after the S.O.S.

Some of Mr. Wilbur's misstatements are due to his complete faith in the bureaucrats of the Navy Department. Others are inspired by an optimism which is an outstanding characteristic of the man and which causes him to enlarge hopes into actualities. This is, inevitably, dangerous for any executive, and occasionally leaves Mr. Wilbur far out, as the saying is, on a limb. It was, he insisted early in 1924, "preposterous" that the Navy had fallen behind Great Britain and Japan in strength, speed, or efficiency. A few months later he said that \$110,000,000 must be appropriated annually for twenty

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years if the 5-5-3 ratio established at the Limitation of Armament Conference was to be maintained. His 1925 report to the President was, on the whole, sunnily cheerful, despite the loss of the S-51 and the Shenandoah, and in 1926 his chief complaint was regarding a reduced personnel. I have attempted, already, to point out that in his 1927 summation he shows fairly clearly that the United States Navy is on the rocks because of Coolidge economy. Yet he manages to say:

“During the year there have been no major casualties. The morale of the Navy has been maintained at a high plane.”

This was published in the newspapers of December 11, 1927. A week later the S-4 lay at the bottom of the sea off Provincetown, Massachusetts, with forty men on board. Seldom has the Nation waited in such agony as when the divers learned, after twenty-four hours had passed, that at least six were alive. Seldom has public opinion been so unanimous that officialdom fussed and fiddled and bungled while the men in that cold, steel coffin hammered out piteous appeals to hurry. In the end they died, these men who had been buried alive, and the investigations to determine the responsibility were long and wordy and settled little. Partly it was because the gods of the weather brought mountainous seas. But partly, too, it was because the Navy's salvage equipment was inadequate. It is not the first time that men have thus perished; only two years ago the S-51 went down and thirty-six lives were lost. If the Navy learned anything from the earlier disaster it has not been able to show it.

Cheerful Uncle Wilbur

Yet Mr. Wilbur and the High Command at Washington—the staff admirals, the experts, and the rest—seem to be as incurably cheerful as ever. They glibly counter suggestions that additional safety appliances might have been installed. They intimate that it was the dead men of the S-4, who no longer can speak, who were at fault and that the naval inquiries will so determine. Suggestions that the Navy should have proper salvage vessels, that submarines should not operate in shipping lanes, that tenders supposed to accompany them should really do so—these suggestions made by shocked civilians will “go through proper channels”. The submarine, after all, is built to fight and not to be rescued, and the men who go under the sea in ships must die from time to time. And certainly we of the High Command, grown old and gray and possibly wise, have the situation well in hand and everything is for the best. But I grow bitter—

III

Not infrequently, when raised to the eminence of Cabinet rank, men achieve inflated notions of their importance. But Mr. Wilbur soon demonstrated that he would remain just folks. No other high Government official was so easy to approach, and during his first conferences with the correspondents he was obviously anxious to please. The newspaper men, calling for their introductory visit, saw a tall, broad, elderly man standing behind his desk looking at them from behind his spectacles. He seemed a little self-conscious as they filed in, a trifle over-eager. One of Wilbur's talents is,

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however, a facility in remembering names and faces, and as the months passed he came to know most of the writers. Gradually, too, he adopted an air not unlike that of the superintendent of a Sunday school. He joked with them, and seemed to be on the point of expressing pleasure that "so many bright faces" were gathered before him. One afternoon he was holding forth on technical details of the Navy's judicial system, one of his hobbies. The correspondents were frankly bored and one or two were getting sleepy.

"Do you understand what I am explaining?" he suddenly asked one reporter, whose eyes had a far-away expression.

"No, Mr. Secretary, I'm frank to say I don't," was the answer.

"Ah," murmured Wilbur, shaking his head in sorrow, "I thought not."

Traces of his Bible-class days are present, too, when some new correspondent attends a press conference. Wilbur then goes out of his way to welcome the stranger, to make him feel at home. He has been known to approach with outstretched hand, his eyes beaming cordiality.

"My name's Wilbur," he explains. "I don't believe I have met you before."

Official Washington, hearing of this, snickered. It burst into guffaws when it learned that Wilbur had been a writer of bedtime stories and that in "The Bear Family at Home" were descriptions of how "The Little-Bear-Cub-That-Would-Not-Mind-His-Papa" got into difficulties almost as great as the Little-Secretary-of-the-

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Navy-Who-Would-Not-Mind-Mr. Coolidge. At one or two small dinner parties, to which the Secretary of the Navy had not been invited, enterprising hostesses read selections from his literary works, a favorite passage being Mr. Wilbur's graphic recital of a circus train wreck in which "The Little Bear Cub Got Back into the Woods Again":

"One night, after the wagons and the animals had all been put on board the cars, the fireman rang the bell, and the engineer started the train, and away it went, whistling and coughing down the track. The animals were so used to the train going rattle-te-bang, rattle-te-bang, all night long, that they all went to sleep.

"While the animals and every one on the train, except the engineer and the fireman, were asleep, the engineer looked ahead and suddenly saw a big rock on the track. He blew the whistle, 'Toot-toot,' to call the brakemen, and the brakemen ran as fast as they could and began to put on the brakes to stop the train, but the train came nearer and nearer to the big rock.

"The poor engineer couldn't stop the train, and the brakemen couldn't stop the train, so the engine ran into the rock and was knocked off the track, and turned a somersault and was smashed all to pieces, and all the cars ran off the track into a ditch, so that the animals got out of their cages and found they were free."

After he became Secretary of the Navy Mr. Wilbur indiscreetly permitted syndication of his stories to the newspapers. Rumors got about that he was still composing them. The truth was that all the stories had been written prior to his arrival in Washington. They are, probably, about as good as any others of their type, and

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it was, I think, quite in line with Mr. Wilbur's nature that he should have written them; he is devoted to children and for decades has spun fairy tales to please them. He was born in Boonesboro, a small Iowa village, in 1867, attended the public schools there until his family moved to North Dakota when he was fifteen, and went to the Naval Academy quite by accident two years later.

"My father," he recalls, "was a lawyer who specialized in real estate. I remember that he owned a small coal mine and that my earliest ambition was to drive one of the mules. But when I was about to graduate from high school at Jamestown, North Dakota, three candidates were suggested for Annapolis. The other two couldn't go, so I accepted."

Despite his size and his hitch-kicking talents—he was a strapping youth and to-day weighs about 230 pounds—the youthful Wilbur was primarily a student, a contemplative young man who graduated from Annapolis third in his class. Few commissions were awarded in those days, and this must have pleased him, for he had decided to study law. Upon graduating in 1888, he hurried to Los Angeles, where his parents, like so many other Iowans, had migrated. He taught school for a year, working with his law books at night, and in 1890 was admitted to the bar.

Wilbur became in a short time one of the legal lights of California, and rose from district attorney of Los Angeles County to Judge of the Superior Court. Then he was elevated to the Supreme Court, and eventually became its Presiding Justice. Meanwhile, always interested in children, his avocation became their moral and

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physical betterment. He revised the children's code, sat as a judge of the Children's Court, organized the Boys' Brigade, a semi-military organization, lectured at the Y.M.C.A., and became the first chief of the Los Angeles Boy Scouts. He lived in San Francisco while head of the Supreme Court, and there taught a Bible class still known as "Judge Wilbur's Public Welfare Class". The first of his bedtime stories were written almost twenty years ago, when his daughter and three sons were youngsters.

Only partially did Mr. Wilbur fulfill the high hopes of the American admiralty when it learned that one of its own was coming to rule. The private office of the Secretary of the Navy took on, it is true, a more nautical appearance. Visitors are sometimes shown a photograph of the *Constellation*, an old-time training ship, and their attention is directed to a tiny speck far up in the rigging.

"That's the Secretary of the Navy," Mr. Wilbur says with pride. "I made my cruise on that ship while I was at the Academy. I visited it a year or so ago, and would have liked to climb up there again. But I was afraid people might think I was trying to show off."

IV

All of this is pleasant. Members of the class of 1888 are gratified to see on the wall the warrant on which Mr. Wilbur went to Annapolis occupying a position of honor next to the formal document whereby Mr. Coolidge made him Secretary of the Navy. One can drop in to talk over the old days. It has developed, too,

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that few complaints regarding red tape are likely to come from the Secretary; that he is inclined to bend a sympathetic ear toward official excuses and alibis.

The Navy bureaucrats learned to their sorrow, though, that Mr. Wilbur's early belief in the virtue of a large Navy was not to endure. It turned out that his policies were to be shaped, without exception, by the Vermonter in the White House. Not even grave needs of the service, equipment that was falling to pieces, a dwindling personnel, obsolete vessels, could force him to oppose the will of his chief. The new Secretary proved, too, to be almost a Daniels with respect to drinking and frowned upon the serving of cocktails at parties. He has insisted upon courts martial for officers and men, even for two elderly naval nurses, found with so much as a quart of liquor in their possession. He has approved dismissal of one or two Annapolis youths guilty of intoxication, a painful duty, since he is deeply attached to the young men of the Academy and lectures before their Christian Association twice a year.

Men in public life are usually judged by what they say, and not by what they do. Chiefly in this, I think, lies the ignominy of Mr. Wilbur. He is not, perhaps, any worse than some of those who held the post before him. His mistakes are of the head, and not of the heart. There is none in Washington to assail his honesty, and, although a partisan Democratic Congressman may brand him a "fuddy-duddy", the attitude of the Republicans is that of the Western saloon-keeper who posted this sign:

Cheerful Uncle Wilbur

“Don’t shoot the pianist. He is doing the best he can.”

In the things he has said, it is my point, Mr. Wilbur has been in a class by himself. It is not only that he is a bad politician—this might be a virtue in a man of force willing to fight for his convictions. It is that he is so naïvely simple. He says one thing which offends Mr. Coolidge and many which offend common sense. When the searchlight of public indignation swings toward the Navy Department to pierce the fog of officialdom, he remarks, as did the rescue forces to the dying men of the S-4, that “everything possible is being done”. And so frequently Mr. Wilbur is merely ridiculous, as, for instance, when the new Navy dirigible was being christened. A resident of Los Angeles in former years, and closely identified with that city, he explained the real significance of the name:

“When the Prince of Peace was born in Bethlehem the angels sang to men, ‘Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men.’ In remembrance of this angel song I will name the ship Los Angeles.”

Within a few weeks Chambers of Commerce and Rotary Clubs in San Francisco, Portland, and Seattle had filed protests.

Mr. Wilbur is not an old man. He has just turned sixty. But the impression is inescapable to any one who has talked with him and with those who know him well that his view-point is that of the Elder Statesmen. He is, I repeat, gentle and amiable. He is proud that

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1,000,000 lithographs of Old Ironsides have been sold and that the ship will be saved. He loves the men who were with him at Annapolis and who now, in some cases, are his advisers. He believes with a deep conviction that the Navy grows better year by year, in the enlisted personnel's morality if not in fighting efficiency. In his 1927 report, the one in which he is forced to admit the ravages of economy, he says that when the fleet was in New York the superintendent of the subway "stated that every sailor carried as a passenger had been a gentleman". The Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association, he adds, reported that "75,000 visits had been paid to it". Mr. Wilbur glories in his job and bends his head in grief when demands are made that he resign. He will not resign, for at heart he is sure that he has done rather well, and he knows that Mr. Coolidge does not propose again to go through the agony of finding a Cabinet member.

And, one feels, the Secretary of the Navy is a man whose emotional boiling-point is high. The men of the S-51 are dead, save three who were rescued. So are most of those who rode into the West on the Shenandoah. Now their ghostly crews have been joined by the forty sailors of the S-4. One cannot avoid the conclusion that Mr. Wilbur, deeply regretting these accidents, believes that they are unavoidable. It is too bad that they occurred, and letters expressing the sorrow of the Navy Department have been sent to the bereaved families. The High Command has said, however, that everything possible was done. One remembers, in contemplating Mr. Wilbur and his staff, that poem which

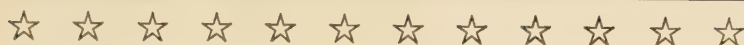
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Mr. Kipling wrote when other men, also grown old,
were in command:

*The lamp of our youth will be utterly out; but we shall
subsist on the smell of it,
And whatever we do, we shall fold our hands and suck
our gums and think well of it.
Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work, and
that is the perfectest Hell of it!*



C H O R E B O Y O F T H E G . O . P .



A THEORY IS FREQUENTLY ADVANCED THAT THE POLITICAL future of Theodore Roosevelt, "the young Colonel", as Al Smith rather nastily refers to him, lies entirely in the past. It is said that "the fighting son of a fighting sire", to quote a phrase evolved by campaign press agents, has fought his last battle. He has proved, the wise ones say, a wash-out, a dud, a flop. It no longer profits him to cry "Bully! Delighted!" or to wave his battered hat like a Rough Rider charging San Juan Hill. The people have learned that the King is dead and that there is no king.

Ten years ago, while the youthful Teddy was fighting in France, the leaders of the party his father had nearly wrecked dreamed dreams and saw visions. The Bull Moose was dead. The havoc of its rampage had been covered by the growth of several years. Crystal gazing, the G.O.P. bosses saw vistas of young T.R. returning from the war, T.R. bowing to demands that he enter public life, T.R. in the State Assembly at Albany, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as Governor of New York, as Vice-President of the United States, as President! It was to be an almost line-for-line repetition of his father's career.

For a time the program was smoothly followed. Col. Roosevelt came back from the war, in which he had

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made an excellent record, and ran for the Assembly. He was elected and reëlected. Then President Harding invited him to become Second Lord of the Admiralty and Teddy confided to one or two friends that he seemed to be a "man of destiny". The oil scandals, in which T.R. played a part as innocent as it was thick-headed, did not prevent his nomination as the Republican gubernatorial candidate in 1924, and had any one but Alfred E. Smith been his opponent he would have been elected. He would have remained at Albany for two or three terms until called to Washington by a grateful nation. Instead, still the fighting son of a fighting sire, he was forced to leave on an expedition to hunt the Ovis Poli, the Ibex, the Goitered Gazelle and the Asiatic Wapiti in the Himalayas. He returned with bulging bags, in March of 1926, announcing that he was "fit for a fight or a frolic"; a candidate for almost anything. He still is.

But the young Colonel's prolonged banishment to private life is the result of a peculiar situation in his party and is not due to any widespread belief that he has been found wanting. Since 1924, as a matter of fact, there has been no office for which he could have been logically nominated. He might, it is true, have been run again for Governor in 1926. He would have been game, no doubt, for another spanking from Al Smith. Even the New York Republicans are aware, however, that it is bad psychology to enter a defeated candidate against his conqueror. The years from 1924 to the present have been, on the whole, extremely lean for the party of refinement and culture in New York. Some new federal appointment might, of course, have

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been handed young Roosevelt as a means of keeping him in the lime-light. But this charitable act is said to have been blocked by Calvin Coolidge, who finds T.R.'s vivacity somewhat irritating.

Any theory that Teddy is politically dead is based, however, on a monstrous fallacy. Realism may have reached the world of letters and the stage. It may even be creeping slowly upon the motion picture. But the art of politics is still untainted. For every person repelled by bunk and blare and blah, ten are converted. The man who makes the most noise is likely to receive the most votes. Emotion and not reason marks the ballots and pulls the levers of voting machines. Good taste and intelligence are fearfully handicapped in the political arena. And T.R., rarely suffering from them, is still an asset to his party.

"Ah! There's a lovely little girl!" he beamed from a train platform while campaigning for Harding in 1920. "You know, I have four children myself."

On another occasion he saw an old man with a G.A.R. button on his coat.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, pointing to the tottering warrior. "You are a G.A.R. man! I see that glorious old button. The issue is just the plain, old-fashioned Americanism that the men of the Grand Army of the Republic fought for. Go to the polls and return a clean sweep for Harding and Coolidge, the Republican Party, America free and America first. Go to it now!"

"If bunk was electricity," growled Al Smith one day, following some asinine statement, "the young Colonel would be a power house."

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II

Unquestionably it was destiny which permitted Teddy to achieve, as had his father, the rank of Lieutenant Colonel; as a mere Major the resemblance would have been vastly less marked. And it was destiny, too, which called him to Washington as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. There he succeeded Franklin D. Roosevelt, who had been Democratic nominee for Vice-President in the recent campaign and of whom T.R. had remarked with questionable taste:

“He is a maverick. He does not bear the brand of our family.”

Notified in March of 1921 that he had been appointed, Teddy spontaneously burst out “Bully!” and volunteered that Edwin R. Denby, his new chief, was “a princely fellow”. He went to Washington determined to make good. He was polite, affable, popular among the younger Navy crowd. He was glad to do favors, asked no indiscreet questions and signed, without reading them, many of the letters placed before him. He personally carried to the White House the executive order which transferred the naval oil reserves from the Navy to the Interior Department, and which was an essential link in the Fall-Sinclair-Doheny conspiracy. He signed a letter, later explained as “merely a formal letter prepared in the Navy Department”, suggesting that the lease negotiations be kept secret. One morning he found on his desk a message from Secretary of the Interior Fall asking him to drop in to see him. Arriving, he was told that poachers were preparing to sink wells

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on the Teapot Dome reserve, just turned over to Harry Sinclair. Would Mr. Roosevelt—Denby was away and he was Acting Secretary—dispatch a few marines to eject the villains threatening to steal some of Sinclair's potential \$100,000,000 in oil profits?

"Delighted," said Teddy, in effect. It never occurred to him to ask why devil dogs should protect private property or why Sinclair did not seek redress in the courts. Filled with faith in Republican human nature, no shadow of suspicion crossed his mind. Thus he was again made the tool of the era of corruption.

But when, at last, rumors of what had really happened began to penetrate, T.R. told what he knew. He summoned his brother, Archie, who had been given a job as vice-president of a Sinclair subsidiary, to do the same. And if Teddy made an exhibition of himself on the witness stand during the subsequent oil investigations he demonstrated, at least, that he had courage. He did not, of course, know very much. Most of his testimony demonstrated his lack of information regarding what was going on and proved that, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he had been duped by men betraying their country. He may have convicted himself of stupidity but he cleared his name of the taint of dishonesty. And when he resigned to run for Governor he received a letter from President Coolidge stating that "your activity and energy have served as an inspiration to those who were associated with you in the conduct of your office".

There were many who believed that the oil scandal and the other unsavory details of the administration

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inherited by Coolidge would have their effect in 1924. The mob, in which Democrats predominated, howled for Fall's head, for Daugherty's, for Denby's, and even for the innocent and well-meaning one of Col. Roosevelt. The first three fell, one by one, but not that of T.R. He had been exonerated of evil intent and he refused to quit. It turned out, of course, that the voters were not in the least disturbed by corruption in high office and gave it overwhelming endorsement in the presidential campaign. Some of this may, perhaps, have been pre-visioned in the astute mind of Alice Longworth, daughter of a President, wife of the Speaker of the House of Representatives and sister to Teddy. Credited with one of the keenest political minds in Washington, she is said to have persuaded James W. Wadsworth, then senior United States Senator from New York, that her brother would make an ideal nominee to run against Al Smith.

I am not offering this, I hasten to add, as authentic. It is, however, an interesting speculation because Mrs. Longworth, at least, is a political realist. She knew that her brother's war record would be a campaign asset. She knew that her brother had no scruples about capitalizing that asset. The G.O.P. was having its biennial trouble finding a probable victim for Smith and Roosevelt was willing to risk a licking. So he was named.

"We Republicans," he said in one of his first speeches (from the lips of any one else the address would be suspected of satire), "have married decency and idealism. This is the secret of our success. Our heads may

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be in the clouds, but our feet are on the ground. Democrats use words to cloak their meaning and simply for the purpose of capturing votes. We Republicans do not."

Bands playing "Over There" and "It's a Hot Time in the Old Time To-night", World War veterans, Spanish War veterans, Civil War veterans, gold star mothers, red fire, parades, flags, bunting and a small, excited, perspiring, dark-haired man making twenty to twenty-five speeches a day; such was the exhibition given by Theodore Roosevelt in 1924. Quantity instead of quality was ordered by his managers. He made one speech again and again and again. When not recalling the glories of the war, T.R. spoke of the glories of Calvin Coolidge. State issues were largely avoided. But he frequently charged Al Smith with extravagance and then, wherever he went, promised that "we Republicans" would build roads, bridges, hospitals, canals or whatever G.O.P. constituents wanted. Their cost would have run into millions.

"By George, that's nice!" "We'll win, by gracious!" "Fine! Bully! Delighted!" "I want to shake you by the hand!"; these and many similar ejaculations poured from his lips in a volume. He wore out a hat in five days by snatching it from his head, crushing it in an iron grip, waving it, whacking it against his hand for emphasis. Again and again, from the back of his train, he would lean over, grin and ask the brass band on the platform, "Can you play 'Over There'?"

"There's no time to talk issues," he would say happily. "Just look me over and make up your minds if

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I'm a regular fellow; then don't overlook me in November. I want to introduce Mrs. Roosevelt (seated behind him on the observation car platform), the real head of my family. And I want to shake hands with some of you."

Dreadful stuff? Bunk? Hokum? But it proved to be enormously successful. Record crowds waited for hours for the campaign special to stop for three minutes at some obscure tank town. They screamed themselves hoarse, jammed into lecture halls in larger towns, carried torches and whooped it up, so universally, that Teddy's astonished managers toyed with the theory that their candidate was being mistaken for his father. News of his death, they told each other, might not have penetrated to some of the rural Republican strongholds. Gradually, the young Colonel, at first worried and nervous, grew confident. He no longer said, "If I am elected", but "When I am elected". He promised sweeping reforms at Albany and said he would "oppose no bill of merit simply because it is advanced by a Democrat". In the next breath, however, he admitted the improbability that any Democrat would offer a meritorious bill.

Enthusiastic Republican reports from upstate reached the ears of Al Smith's High Command. They saw that the utter imbecility of T.R.'s speechmaking was proving effective and was, by its very nature, difficult to answer. Nervous, they beseeched Al to abandon his dignified, for they were really that, dissertations on the state governmental system. The thing to do, they said, was to

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step on this yodeling upstart. He might win, they warned Smith. Do something!

"No," said Al, "you're wrong. I'd win sympathy for him if I went after him too hard. He's having a swell time. The big bosses are telling him he's in, that it's all over. They always do that. Pretty soon he'll make a mistake and then I'll smash him."

The mistake came a few days later. Teddy, bubbling over with good spirits, stopped at Hamilton, N.Y., the home of Colgate University. A large number of undergraduates had crowded around the train and T.R. beamed at them in collegiate fashion.

"I hear you played a football game against Cornell last Saturday," he began, not observing a slight chill in the atmosphere. "It must have been—"

"It was against Nebraska," observed some youth.

"Oh, well," said Teddy, man-to-man fashion, "it was a great game. I congrat—"

"We lost!" yelled several of the Colgate men in unison. T.R. wheeled around and looked accusingly at the campaign managers behind him.

"Who told me that?" he demanded.

The following week Smith spoke on "Who Told Teddy That?" He traced his opponent's blunders in the oil lease negotiations, cited his frequent misstatements concerning the state government, the law, finances and nearly everything else. At the end of each paragraph Al would pause, grin his gold-toothed grin and wipe the perspiration from his face.

"Who told Teddy that?" he demanded.

Smith was elected a few days later. The margin was

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close enough, however, to cause extreme distress to his staff while the returns were coming in. The Roosevelt ballyhoo had delighted the electorate and with 100,000 additional votes Teddy would have become Governor. His campaign had been successful beyond any one's dream and the gods had, it then seemed, deserted the Man of Destiny only temporarily.

III

It is superfluous to point out that a young man starting life as the eldest son of Theodore Roosevelt, particularly when his name was the same, was certain to face untold difficulties. The younger Theodore knew this; at least in his earlier years. It must have been bad advice on the part of professional politicians which forced him, once in politics, to mimic his famous father. Perhaps the whole thing was unconscious. Beyond question, Teddy originally intended to avoid even the suspicion of this and there is more than a touch of pathos in a remark he made in 1910:

"I will always be known as the son of Theodore Roosevelt," he said, "and never as a person who means only himself."

Like his father, Ted was none too strong as a boy. He had to wear glasses and, again like his father, had to fight boys who sneered and called him "Four-eyes". He was born at Sagamore Hill in Oyster Bay, L. I., in 1887, the oldest of the clan, and grew to manhood partly in the glare of public life and partly amid the quiet of Long Island. Historians may one day assail the greatness of Theodore Roosevelt, the first, as Presi-

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dent of the United States. But none, it is likely, will question his greatness as a father. Fond of the outdoors and knowing it as few men, Roosevelt was never too busy to lead his brood along the streams and through the woods near Oyster Bay. Alice went along with the boys and swam, climbed and rode horse-back with them. Their father told them about birds and beasts and flowers on their excursions and toward dusk a fire would be built and bacon cooked. Then would come stories of San Juan Hill and ranching in the Far West. The elder Roosevelt was a hero to his children.

A timid youth would have lived wretchedly as the son of Roosevelt. But even though he was less than brawny, physical fear never took hold of Theodore, Jr. He loved horses, although his seat was none too good. He liked athletics although, again, he rarely excelled in any sport. At Groton he was a serious, rather awkward youth, with hair that was usually in disorder and with clothing none too neat. He was well liked by his mates and an undercurrent of animal spirits occasionally manifested itself in practical jokes. He was graduated from Harvard in 1908, having finished the course in three years and broken an assortment of bones in futile efforts to play football. Two years later society editors were thrown into a flutter of excitement by the announcement that he was to marry Miss Eleanor Alexander of New York City, the daughter of a prominent and wealthy family. On the eve of his wedding Teddy personally assured reporters that his bride did not "care a bit about this suffrage foolishness".

The World War brought opportunity to T.R., Jr.,

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just as the Spanish War had done for his father. His public career had not yet begun, however, and the son did not agitate and pull wires for combat as his father, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the McKinley administration, had done. All the four Roosevelt sons went to France and all added new luster to their name. Quentin, the youngest, became an aviator and was killed while Teddy, Archie and Kermit all were cited for gallantry. Although West Point graduates served under him, a situation about as difficult as any a reserve officer could face, T.R. was popular as well as efficient. He insisted on taking part in dangerous engagements and was both wounded and gassed. He came home in March of 1919 with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

While still with the A.E.F. pressure had been brought upon him to enter public life and he announced that he would do so. He had every reason to be optimistic about his future, for the war hysteria still ran high, but he could not decide what office to seek. He spent some months organizing the American Legion and might, had he so chosen, have used that organization to further his political aims. To his everlasting credit, he did not do so. For a time he even fought obvious intentions of the returning heroes to force a bonus grant. Teddy did, however, talk wildly about certain features of the late war. It had been won, he said, almost entirely by Republicans. The Wilson administration had blocked their efforts on every hand and had lulled the nation into a false sense of security. The only guarantee of future peace lay in universal military service on the French or Swiss plan.

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IV

The tragedy of Theodore Roosevelt, it seems to me, lies in the fact that, in the realm of ideas, courage sometimes fails him. He might have led the cause against prohibition, against greed on the part of returning veterans, against the intolerance that was beginning to sweep the land with new force. He believed, even deeply, in the essential rightness of all these causes. But his protests were only feeble pipings against the storm. He said that prohibition had been "unfairly passed", but lived to suffer the humiliation of endorsement by the Anti-Saloon League. He expressed opposition to the bonus, but those veterans who viewed C.O.D. patriotism with distaste found that he was not to be their leader. And in the Socialist ouster at Albany, an issue made in Heaven for a Roosevelt, he was on the right side only as a follower.

Roosevelt entered politics by standing for the lower house of the New York Legislature from Nassau County. He won his first contest by a large majority and in January of 1920 went to Albany feeling, as do all first-term legislators, lonely and nervous. At night he would gather newspaper correspondents, many of whom had known his father, around him and would ask for advice on bills under consideration. On the whole he was well liked, being modest and unassuming.

In 1920 the United States was in a jumpy state. The nation resounded to alarums that Bolshevism was increasingly a menace. This was reflected at Albany in a decision of the machine G.O.P. to invalidate the

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election of five Socialist assemblymen from New York City. The men had been legally chosen by their constituencies and as soon as he heard of it, Teddy joined in the protest raised by liberals of both parties. There were many at Albany who watched him eagerly during those days. The Roosevelt name gave publicity value to everything he said. Here was an issue worthy of his father. Would he assume command? They waited during weary months of debating and heard T.R. make two or three speeches opposing the ouster. He was enough his father's son so that he did not bow to the machine. But he was not good enough to serve as a leader for liberalism and the Socialists were ejected.

This was Roosevelt's first failure. His career at Albany proved totally without distinction and it was during his second year that he resigned to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Since his defeat by Al Smith in 1924 he has been waiting, I have pointed out, for something to happen. His second failure occurred, obviously, while at Washington. Again greatness was within arm's reach, for had he known his job and been alert he could have halted the oil lease negotiations. Had he done so he could have demanded almost any office controlled by the G.O.P. Undoubtedly his political stock has dropped in the last few years. Hunting the *Ovis Poli* in Asia, he had half-believed that he would return home to a reception like those given his father coming back from similar trips. Instead, the newspapers carried semi-humorous stories about his exploits.

The most casual analysis of the record of Theodore

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Roosevelt reveals that he was rushed along too swiftly. He should have remained at Albany for several additional years and there learned the A.B.C.'s of the political game. He was far from mature, politically, when he went to Washington and was additionally handicapped, all the while, by comparisons to his father. Roosevelt is still immature. Just turned forty, he still has little conception of what it is all about. He turns this way and that at the commands of party leaders. In the fall of 1927, for example, the master minds of the organization decided that Smith must again be attacked on the ancient issue of Tammany corruption. It had proved a boomerang in the past and it was almost impossible for the leaders to find any one of importance who would make the necessary speeches. Finally they persuaded Teddy to do the trick.

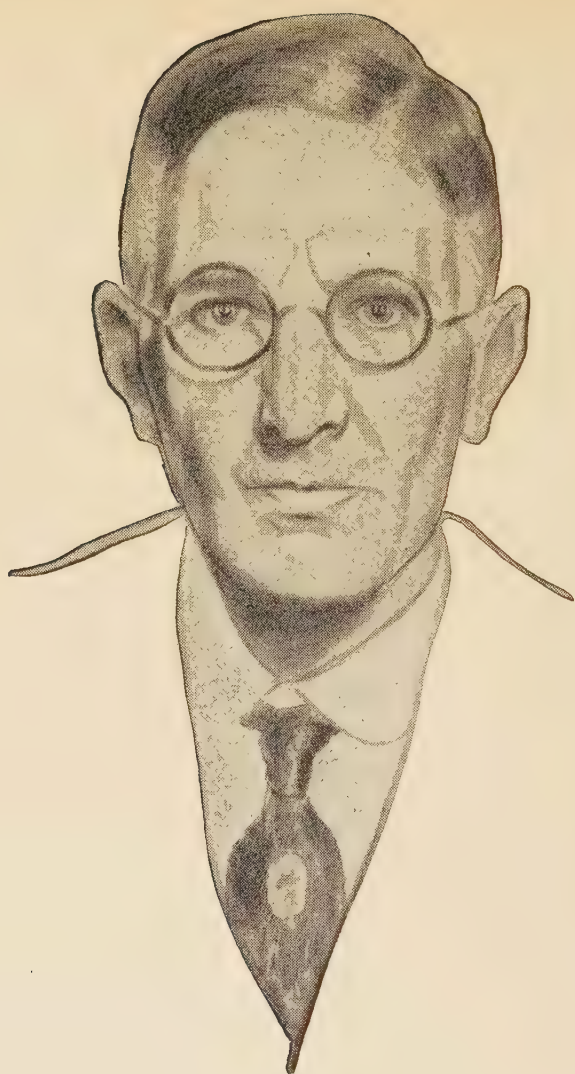
"The red-light district," he screamed, "has crawled to the very steps of the State Capitol. Democratic leaders are under indictment. Tammany is still and always will be the same sinister Tammany. The sooner the state and nation realize this the better for both."

Immediately there were hoots of derision, in Republican as well as Democratic newspapers. It was nonsense, scores of editors pointed out, to attempt again to link Al Smith with vice. The Republican leaders, leaving Teddy to weather the storm alone, said he had spoken without their approval. One or two let it be known that they had attempted to head him off, but without avail. But that his speech did not have official endorsement is manifestly untrue. Within a fortnight the organization was circulating printed copies of his

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speech and was prayerfully hoping that they would be effective in the Middle West and South. Soon afterwards T.R. started on a speaking tour in Kansas and in neighboring states and repeated all his original accusations about vice. He was heard by thousands.

To his own people in the East T.R. became more grotesque than ever. But the enthusiasm with which his speeches in the West were received is an added indication that he is not yet politically dead. Again gossip has it that he will be a candidate for something and that he would add strength to the national ticket. One journal suggested that, as a Vice-Presidential nominee, he would make an excellent running mate for "Hoover, Lowden, Dawes or Curtis". But, alas, the G.O.P. needed a man from the Middle West on the ticket with Hoover. T.R. was present as a delegate, but that was all. He has been forced again into momentary retirement.



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ASSUMING, FOR THE MOMENT, THAT THE LATE MR. ANTHONY Comstock was correct in his belief that his labors were for the Lord, now has his post-mortem reward and carries on his gloomy work in behalf the Archangels—assuming all this, it is very probable that he often looks down from the casements of jasper to see how the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice is getting along without him. If so, very painful emotions must shake his once rugged but now ghostly frame. For the old, happy, glorious days of smut-hunting are no more, at least in New York, and the Society, lacking his inspired leadership, is no longer the shining light for righteousness that it once was. Having suppressed an unworthy and earthly gratification over this flattering fact, old Anthony must often shed a tear or two. Satan, taking advantage of his absence, now controls the courts, the police, the Legislature, the book and magazine publishers, the theatrical producers and the press. Season by season the drama grows in wickedness. Only Florenz Ziegfeld shows any sign whatever of returning to Higher Things.

Viewing, from his glittering eminence, the work of Mr. John S. Sumner, his heir and assign as head of the Vice Society, Mr. Comstock must find much to praise, but also, unhappily, much to condemn. On the credit

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side Mr. Sumner seems earnest, hard-working and desperately sincere. He continues to receive modest but fairly regular contributions from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the Colgate soap family, Monsignor Michael J. Lavelle, Thomas A. Edison and the usual run of highly agitated elderly ladies. He reads industriously what he suspects may be, from a legal though not literary standpoint, "obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent or disgusting" books. He lobbies faithfully at Albany for harsher and harsher laws. He cherishes his Christian belief that the great majority of the American people have no use for the salacious, and that, as he once said, "youth is humorous but in a clean and whimsical way". He affirms his faith in 100 per cent Americanism, pure womanhood, the Y.M.C.A. and the domestic hearth.

Nevertheless, the founder of the Vice Society must suspect, at times, that Mr. Sumner is a shade too refined for his job. No longer, as in Anthony's own days, are peddlers of inflammatory magazines seized by the scruffs of their necks and bodily hurled into the jug. No longer do the annual reports of the Society contain fascinating articles with such titles as "Home Invaded", "Boy Gamblers", "Children in Public Streets Assailed", "A Mother's Appeal", "A St. Louis Scoundrel" and "A Most Pathetic and Awful Case". Dignity and decorum have been substituted for the strong arm and the throbbing human interest stories of Mr. Comstock. Mr. Sumner meets the enemies of the Methodist ethic in a dinner coat and in public debate instead of physical combat. He strives hard to be good-natured. Words, he is sure, can never hurt him. Under attack his smile is

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as genial, if as synthetic, as that of a Y.M.C.A. secretary meeting a squad of doughboys returning uproariously from a fancy house. He prides himself on being a good fellow. For weeks on end, a few years ago, Heywood Broun made remarks about him in the *World*. When, after all this bombardment, Sumner answered with an ingratiating letter, Broun could only say:

“Mr. Sumner belongs to the new and superefficient school of Puritans. There ought to be a law providing that whenever a Puritan is captured wearing other raiment than the garb of his sect he shall be immediately shot as a spy. Sumner is attempting to show, not without skill, it seems to us, that he is not such a doleful fellow after all. All this is interesting but beside the point. It makes no difference whether Mr. Sumner suppressed ‘Jurgen’ in blind fury or with bland good humor. Levity about such things is wholly inappropriate. The frivolity of modern Puritanism—what with Mr. Sumner’s little jokes, and Billy Sunday’s slang and John Roach Straton’s handsprings—only serves to reveal the fundamental wantonness of this philosophy of life.”

But Mr. Sumner really is serious about his work, and believes that it is absolutely necessary for the salvation of New York. Certain other citizens of the town—possibly, counting the preachers, 200 or 300 among the 6,000,000—also believe in the Comstock Society, and a few of them go so far as to admit it publicly. All the rest of the New Yorkers appear to view the job of literary garbage man with disgust. They wonder how so amiable a fellow as Sumner can stand it year after year, and thank their several gods that he has it, and not

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they themselves. Meanwhile, the decisions of various New York courts continue to nibble away at the Comstock Act. City Magistrates, some of them of foreign birth and therefore anæsthetic to American ideals, decline to hold purveyors of "filth" for trial. Thus, Mr. Sumner finds himself, despite his unflagging zeal, in the unpleasant position of being unable to prohibit anything short of the unexpurgated autobiography of Frank Harris (which even the notoriously loose French cannot stomach) or the lewd eccentricities, in English translation, of court life at the time of the Emperor Nero. Phony "art" magazines are displayed on every newsstand in the big town and pictures of naked women flaunt him a dozen times a day. Cheap, smutty joke-books and the cheaper jokes that the imitators of *Bernarr Macfadden* publish as magazines have large and unimpeded circulations. Plain nudity, despite Mr. Ziegfeld, continues to be the substitute for humor in most Broadway musical comedies. No one would buy "September Morn" in these degenerate days, and even Bishop Manning declines to have anything to do with Mr. Sumner's attempts to have the so-called Clean Books Bill adopted by the State Legislature.

But despite all these set-backs the work of the Comstock Society will undoubtedly continue, even if less effectively, much as it has for the fifty-three years of its existence. Between Seventh and Eighth Avenues there is an ancient brownstone building; it is not far distant from the heart of Old Chelsea, one of the few remaining parts of Manhattan where there are still front yards with swinging gates and green grass. No. 215 West

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Twenty-second Street, now the headquarters of the Society, was once a home where men lived and laughed and probably drank rum. To-day its dim cellar is crammed with the Society's unparalleled collection of dirty books. It is from this bastille that Mr. Sumner sets forth to fight for purity with, as the Rev. Harold L. Bowlby of the Lord's Day Alliance puts it, "a shining and flashing rapier". On a budget of but \$10,000 or \$15,000 a year, he often goes out alone. But sometimes the rapier is flashed by Charles J. Bamberger, a corpulent gentleman who is the Special Agent of the Society. Often a girl employee is sent out to do the dirty work.

It is becoming increasingly difficult for Mr. Sumner to conduct his own raids. He has appeared in public too frequently and has indiscreetly permitted his photograph to be published in the tabloids. A year or so ago he was eager to obtain from the source of publication a copy of one of the new and lurid "art" magazines. If it could be done a really important conviction might follow, instead of the usual two or three days' sentence of a bewildered Greek newsdealer. Pulling his hat down over his eyes, Mr. Sumner marched boldly into the office of the publishing company. But unfortunately the editor happened to be in the outer office, and he knew the crusader very well. So he cupped his hands and called loudly to his staff, working inside.

"Hey!" he bellowed, "come out and take a look at Sumner!"

The staff crowded up as the editor, with heavy sarcasm, urged his visitor to stay for tea. Mr. Sumner, handling himself very well, declined the invitation.

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"I wanted to purchase a copy of *Art Lure*," he said.

"We're awfully sorry, but we can't sell you one," replied the editor.

"Ah!" said Mr. Sumner politely. "Some other day, then. You win this time."

II

Mr. Sumner fell heir to the robes of old Anthony in October of 1915, and for a number of years thereafter seemed to be quite satisfied with the efficacy of the Comstock Act (Penal Section 1141). As late as 1922 he was quoted as declaring that "the sting is still in the statute" and as giving public warning against "the risk and danger of transgression". But this was before Justice John Ford, of the New York Supreme Court, caught his daughter reading "Women in Love", and then found to his dismay that the statute did not provide for its instantaneous suppression. And it was before Magistrate Oberwager had ruled, after a diligent research in the Public Library, that the Satyricon of Petronius was a contribution to literature and human knowledge. "Jurgen", in those innocent days, it will be recalled, was banished from all law-abiding bookshops.

But actually it was long before 1922 that the forces of evil, eventually to be cloaked in the sanctity of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, started their effort so to undermine Penal Section 1141 that eventually, in the eyes of all crusaders, it became worthless. Strangely enough, the cunning agents of Hell used Mr. Sumner himself as the instru-

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ment of their work. More strangely still, among the varied factors in the débâcle were the ancient and dignified publishing house of Harper & Brothers, the autobiography of a prostitute, and the loyalty of the Hon. William Randolph Hearst to the then Mayor Hylan. Now that Mr. Hylan has been forced back to private life and Mr. Hearst is in retirement in California, it looks very much as if Mr. Sumner had been rather neatly made use of.

How the Harpers ever came to publish "Madeleine, an Autobiography", will always be something of a mystery. The volume made its appearance in 1919 and was declared by the loose New York critics to be a dull tome, reading "like a report of the Comstock Society". The learned Boston *Transcript* treated it in the light of a sociological document. It was supposed to tell the story of a prostitute, and it so portrayed that life that any Red Light Rose, after wading through it, must have hailed a taxi and rushed to the nearest Y.W.C.A. Yet in December of the year of publication, with "Madeleine" moving very slowly in the book-stores, the Comstock Society arrested Clinton T. Brainard, president of the Harper firm, for violating Section 1141 by publishing it. Mr. Brainard was appalled. He had never read the book, he protested. It had been accepted and published by the house while he was in Europe. He promised that it would be withdrawn at once.

The arrest of Mr. Brainard and the fact that he had been held in \$500 bail for trial were treated briefly in most of the New York papers. But in Mr. Hearst's moral *American* the news crashed the first page, and in

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the highly flavored story there was the first clew to the reason for the arrest. The *American* revealed that the Harper executive was also secretary of the Extraordinary Grand Jury which, at the time, was engaged in one of the periodic investigations of the Hyman administration. The *American*, in righteous indignation, pointed out that the very fellow who besmirched the pure name of the heroic Hyman was now himself branded as a publisher of obscene literature, and hence a corrupter of the young.

Mr. Sumner seems to have realized at once that he had been roped into a highly dubious private feud. He made it known that if the plates were destroyed he would be happy to forget all further prosecution. But this did not suit the indignant and vociferous Mr. Hearst in the least. The following warning was published in his paper next morning:

“One of the most amazing incidents of the hearing yesterday was when the complainant against Harper & Brothers, John S. Sumner, chief special agent of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, sought to minimize the charge and to have it actually dismissed. Turning to Magistrate Simpson, he said that Brainard had promised to discontinue the sale of the book and had agreed to destroy the plates at once, and that if this was done he would feel satisfied to drop the matter.”

Thus publicly exposed and challenged, Mr. Sumner could do nothing but go on, even although chilled by a premonition that in the end all would not be well with him. The Hearst papers continued to whoop it up,

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never forgetting to mention that Brainard was a member of the Grand Jury investigating the Hearst-controlled city administration. Sumner, in a panic, finally yielded to the uproar, and declared "Madeleine" to be "one of the worst and most dangerous books that has come to our attention in a long time". Los Angeles and Boston, both of which cities are favored with Hearst papers, also took action against it. The *American* assured its virtuous readers that "the forces of decency are rising all over the country against it". Brainard was convicted and fined \$1,000. The *American's* report said in part:

"Clinton T. Brainard, secretary of the Extraordinary Grand Jury, stepped from the Criminal Court chambers, where he was investigating Mayor Hylan yesterday, to go on trial himself in the Court of Special Sessions. Five hours later he was found guilty of publishing, possessing and selling obscene literature and was finger-printed like any other common law-breaker".

For the next year and a half Mr. Sumner must have done a lot of cold sweating. For he knew that the Brainard case was before the Appellate Division on appeal and that he had not heard the last of it. Meanwhile "Madeleine" earned excellent money for the bookleggers. On July 10, 1920, the higher court reversed the Harper conviction in an opinion that spelled disaster for the Comstocks. Said the court:

". . . no one can read this book and truthfully say that it contains a single word or picture *which tends to excite lustful or lecherous desire*. It contains the autobiography of a prostitute, but without the recital of any

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facts *which come within the condemnation of the section (1141) as thus interpreted.*"

Mr. Sumner and his co-workers did not realize the true significance of this decision for some time. Then it dawned upon them that the Appellate Division had added to the descriptive terms of the statute the provision (very difficult on proof) that books accused must tend to excite "lustful or lecherous desire". Since then Mr. Sumner has referred to the Harper case many times and very sadly, and always in support of his demand for more rigorous laws. Privately, he bitterly laments that he was ever bullied by Mr. Hearst into carrying the case through to a finish. The Appellate Division, he has said (he is a lawyer himself), was wrong about the law. But right or wrong, its decision rules in New York. Nothing is now obscene there that is not actually aphrodisiacal. This revolutionary qualification was originally the notion of a Judge of the Court of Appeals and was contained in a dissenting opinion. The Harper ruling made the dissenting opinion a part of the law of the State.

III

Among the unfair statements all too frequently made by the libertines of the New York press regarding Mr. Sumner is that he spends all his time nosing around in the hope of finding nasty books. This hint that he really enjoys smut breaks down the genial nature of the crusader and makes him decidedly huffy. He never loses an opportunity to deny it. The Comstock Society, he declares, begins action only after some irate citizen

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(such as Justice Ford) has made a complaint. It stands *in loco* The People, who have not the time or dislike the attendant notoriety. This may be so. But it is interesting to note that "Jurgen" was barred from legal (but not, of course, from illegal) sale for more than two years because of the efforts of a Broadway press-agent to grab a little free publicity. Early in 1919, the records show, Walter Kingsley was public relations counsel for the Palace Theater. Having read and enjoyed "Jurgen" himself, he conceived the bright notion of writing a letter to one of the papers revealing the fact that the ladies of the ensemble at the Palace had all bought copies of the book and that by means of it they had invented a new indoor sport. This, said Mr. Kingsley, consisted of finding and listing all the questionable passages that they could understand. Competition, among them, he reported, was very keen. In furnishing this morsel of information to the world Mr. Kingsley added his gratuitous opinion that "Jurgen" was "a very naughty book". He sent his letter to Heywood Broun, then on the *Tribune*. Mr. Broun thought it mildly amusing and so printed it.

Then things began to happen. Some one, probably in fun, sent the clipping to the Comstock Society. Within a few days Mr. Sumner made a complaint. He said the book was so obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent and disgusting that he would not pollute the pure air of the Magistrate's Court by reading it aloud. Instead, he obligingly furnished the page numbers of the most juicy passages, that the magistrate might examine them comfortably in his chambers. Within a few weeks

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the publishing house involved had been indicted, together with several of its executives, and copies of "Jurgen" were being sold at as much as \$30.

This suppression of a book that had been almost universally praised created high excitement in the writing trade. Debates on the Comstock censorship began to fill the Sunday papers. A Defense Committee was organized to put Mr. Sumner down. But he stuck to his guns, and even became somewhat cocky, for, although the Harper case had been decided, he was not yet fully aware how greatly his powers had been diminished. When some one asserted that "Jurgen", because of its great artistic merit, should be exempt from all censorship, he retorted that art had nothing to do with the case. He even went further:

"This law (Penal Section 1141) does not make exceptions as to the publications of any particular class. That is, it does not distinguish between the writings of John Doe, who has no reputation, and those of Richard Roe, who is a distinguished author; nor have the courts, in interpreting this law, permitted the intent of the author, expressed or implied, to influence them in their decisions. If the language of the book is lewd, or if it is suggestive of lewdness, it is a violation of the law, regardless of the literary or artistic character of the published matter. Some of the courts have held that writing of an obscene character was more dangerous when couched in fine language than when set forth in crude form, and this is undoubtedly true."

Few statements more beautifully revelatory of the reformer run amok have ever been made. Mr. Sumner's moral ego continued to expand. He boasted that

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"the greater the artist, the more important to suppress him when he traverses the conventional standards". And then he got another terrific wallop when Judge Nott, of the Court of General Sessions, directed the jury to acquit all the defendants. The Judge's decision said:

"I have examined and read the book carefully. It is based on medieval legends of Jurgen and is a highly imaginative and fantastic tale. The most that can be said of the book is that certain passages therein may be considered suggestive in a veiled and subtle way, but such suggestions are delicately conveyed and the whole atmosphere of the story is of such an unreal and supernatural nature that even these suggestions are free from the evils accompanying suggestiveness in more realistic works."

IV

"My ancestors," Mr. Sumner admits somewhat sheepishly, for he has often been teased about it, "were Puritans and this may have had something to do with my vocation." It has recently developed, he adds, that one of them was on the passenger list of the *Mayflower*. His father was Rear Admiral George W. Sumner, of the pre-Daniels United States Navy. Until he was fourteen years old young Sumner lived in Washington. Then his father was transferred to the Brooklyn Navy Yard and he went to a high school in Brooklyn. Sumner is now fifty years old and still lives in Brooklyn. Upon his graduation from high school he became a runner for Henry Clews & Company, the stock-brokers, and began to work hard in the belief that industry and perseverance

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would inevitably lead him to success. He labored for old Mr. Clews for ten years before he concluded that they would not. Then, still a clerk and probably not getting much more than \$20 a week, he decided to study law. So he attended New York University at night and in 1904 was declared learned in the juristic art and mystery. His idea was to make use of his knowledge of Wall Street by specializing in stock and bond litigations. But a few years after he was turned out one of his clients told him that the Society for the Suppression of Vice was looking for a successor to Comstock, and he was easily persuaded to consecrate his life to the enforcement of Section 1141. Just why he chose this work still puzzles Mr. Sumner a little. He recalls that when he was in high school obscene pictures were twice exhibited to him and made a profound impression on his mind. This may have had something to do with it, but he is not certain. He had never, in his young manhood, he says, given much thought or prayer to the work of the vice hunters, nor had he, save when in high school, been subjected to the contamination of dirty books.

Having made his choice, Mr. Sumner proceeded to give his depressing job all the talents at his command. Now, after ten years, his hair is getting a little gray and he looks rather tired. Back of his chair in the offices of the Society in West Twenty-second Street is a portrait of the immortal Comstock, with side whiskers bristling. The painting furnishes a strange contrast to the mild little man who carries on the work to-day. Mr. Sumner does not get excited, except, occasionally, when he is in court conducting a case. He dislikes the notion that he

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is a reformer. When he is asked how it is that he can read so much filth without danger to his soul he says that "if you read immoral books from the standpoint of detecting illegalities, you are apt to be immune from contagion". He does not have much time to read, though, except professionally. He praises, as contributions to American letters, the works of Mary Roberts Rinehart, Irving Bacheller, Booth Tarkington and Winston Churchill. He once said:

"The greatest play I ever saw was 'Robespierre', in which Henry Irving appeared a good many years ago. It was a thrilling story of the French Revolution. And the one that impressed me most was a drama based on Dickens' 'Tale of Two Cities'. I have a real liking for the theater, I find it most interesting when it is instructive. No, I don't insist on the happy ending. The motion picture? It is one of my favorite diversions. Again my taste is historical."

Mr. Sumner likes to travel, but has never been west of Chicago. He has an idea that he would enjoy golf, but there are few links within reach of his home in Brooklyn. He enjoys, he says, to "talk things over". In high school he was something of a debater. In 1918 the Y.M.C.A., which is the parent of the Comstock Society, sent him to France to guard the men of the A.E.F. against the dangers of obscene literature, more deadly than shot and shell. Eventually the Y abandoned this idea and he was detailed to ordinary work with the Eighty-second Division. He returned to the United States to report that while there were individual cases of loose living and wine-bibbing in the Army, on the

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whole it was moral. They "went over clean and wanted to come back clean", he said.

All this was typical of the optimistic side of Mr. Sumner. He has protested that he thinks the "flapper's paint is only skin deep" and says that he "is not greatly worried about the future of American womanhood". As far as boys are concerned, his belief is "that the conduct and moral fiber of boys and young men is almost wholly governed by the girls with whom they come into contact. If the girls are lax the boys will be. If, on the other hand, the girls demand respect they get it." A year or so ago, speaking before the League for Public Discussion, he affirmed his faith in these terms:

"Youth is not interested in social sores. Youth is not blasé, surfeited with the clean things of life, and seeking excitement from that which is unclean and degenerate. Youth looks out with clear and fearless eyes from the summit of the delectable mountain and not with fear and cringing from the slough of despond. Youth laughs at mistakes and is not cast down. Youth may be critical but refrains from pain-producing sarcasm. Youth is humorous but in a clean and whimsical way. And so in American literature we have a right to demand joy and adventure, wholesome physique and sane mentality, clear vision and buoyancy, genial criticism and whimsical humor."

V

The brave and hard-boiled days of Anthony Comstock, as I have said, are no more. During his lifetime (according to Dr. Bowlby of the Lord's Day Alliance) old Antonio collected the equivalent of sixty-one freight

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car loads of indecent literature. It was a lean year that he did not travel from 10,000 to 14,000 miles in the interests of chemical purity. He was always fighting with some one. If it was not with the agents of evil, it was with the District Attorney or the Post Office. One of his historic battles was with Dr. W. S. Rainsford, the liberal rector of St. George's Church. During this action he wrote to Dr. Rainsford:

"I have felt the keen edge of the assassin's knife severing my flesh and veins. I have felt the hot blood of my heart flow out over my body from wounds which I have received. But I say to you, that there is nothing harder to bear than the fact that you, a Christian minister of the Gospel, are shooting darts at me from the vantage ground of St. George's rectory."

No one, at least no preacher, shoots any darts at Mr. Sumner. He works in complete harmony with the District Attorney and his very modest activities are highly approved by that official. But year by year statistics reveal that his agents are making fewer and fewer arrests. This, Mr. Sumner says sadly, is due to the way in which the teeth have been extracted from the Comstock Act. The record for six years was:

<i>Year</i>	<i>Arrests</i>	<i>Convictions or pleas of guilty</i>	<i>Percentage of conviction</i>
1920	184	150	81%
1921	120	94	78%
1922	64	57	89%
1923	34	19	55%
1924	32	14	43%
1925	41	21	51%

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On the whole, though, Mr. Sumner is not discouraged. He believes that the pendulum has started to swing away from the "extreme realism of three and four years ago" and that writers are becoming less inclined than they used to be to reveal the awful mysteries of sex. He thinks that the dramatic producers of Broadway are gradually learning that clean and wholesome plays are what the public will, in the long run, support. But to be on the safe side, he hurriedly adds, the Comstock Act should be made more rigid, and so he plans again to press at Albany his Clean Books Bill.

Spurred on by the indignant Justice Ford, Mr. Sumner began his agitation for the measure early in 1923. Thus far he has been licked three times in his efforts to pass the bill, but he is a glutton for punishment and announces that he is not yet done. The Clean Books Bill came nearest to passing on the occasion of his first attempt. It was then that Mr. Sumner went to Albany with the blessing of His Eminence, Patrick, Cardinal Hayes, of the Catholic Archdiocese of New York, whom, incidentally, the Vice Head had occasionally assisted in the enforcement of statutes against the circulation of the hellish birth control information. Mr. Sumner was an important witness before the Judiciary Committee of the State Senate in April of 1923. He provided for the delighted committee members reprints of absorbing sections from various books. The bill passed the Republican Assembly in that year and undoubtedly would have become law had it not been for Governor Smith, Jimmy Walker, now Mayor of New York but then

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majority leader of the Senate, and the Democratic majority of one in the upper house. Among the innovations of the Clean Books Bill is a provision that action against publications may be taken on the basis of a single word or passage. The present law demands that the book shall be judged as a whole. In his annual reports Mr. Sumner continues to plead for this sanitary legislation. Often, indeed, his reports contain very little except these formal and restrained arguments in behalf of stricter laws. It was not so in the good old days.

Said Comstock himself in his 1898 report:

“Of the many awful and pathetic cases brought to our attention perhaps the saddest and most pathetic of all was when a lady in deep mourning called and told of the death-bed confession made by her sister, eighteen years of age, who just before she died told of having received from the mails certain foul matters which had been sent by a procuress in this city for her to read, and which was followed up by her downfall, ruin and death. She told of other girls who had first received similar matters by mail and then had been ruined in the same manner. This mourning sister in speaking of those who had been the cause of the ruin of her younger sister said: ‘They have diamonds and money but may the curse be upon them!’ ”

Mr. Sumner would recoil in horror from any such Drury Lane tragedy; if one came to his notice it is likely that he would say nothing about it. Handicapped by the law's defects, he continues to function as best he can, with sad regret that he is not universally recog-

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nized for what he believes he is: a man whose instincts for reform are tempered with a sweet reasonableness. But now and then his gaze wanders wistfully toward Boston, where an obscenity law is an obscenity law and where even the bookseller coöperates in behalf of purity.

THE END

